

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Vol. 60.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
No. 715 N. 3rd St.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

\$2.00 a Year in Advance.
Five Cents a Copy.

No. 52.

I AM ALONE.

BY L. A.

The leaves again are glorious green and golden;
The child is gone
Whose laughter through the bright glades in
the old days
Days lured me on.
While as of old with sanguine summer splendor
The wild woods shine,
Not as of old the young face, soft and tender,
Look up to mine.
Once I could happier make a child's heart,
beating
With love of me,
By word or touch, than all the high sun's
greeting
Makes glad the sea.
Now weary amid the self-same groves I wander;
As erst, they are fair;
But one gold gift shines not, that once shone
yonder—
A child's gold hair.
One gentle thing that sounded, sounds not
ever—
A child's sweet tone;
One hand will seek the hollow of my hand
never;
I am alone!

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES,"
"THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME
ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM
BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

SIX O'CLOCK; Lewis must be with her soon now. She rose from her seat, feeling feverishly impatient, and went to the entrance to the drive and looked down the long white road; but there was no sign of him. Then she went down the road. It was impossible to miss; there was no other way from the town of Welde. She walked because in her restless state it was painful to sit still any longer. He would be all the more pleased to see her, and they would meet the sooner.
She had walked more than a mile, and was drawing near to Welde, when she heard the tolling of the church bell. She had heard it many a time before, and knew that it tolled whenever there was a death in the little town. She knew also that no friend of hers was there; yet the very sound seemed to chill her blood.

"How foolish I am!" she said to herself. "Why should the tolling of a church bell startle me?"
But, foolish or not, she could not go on. She was compelled to return.

"Lewis will laugh at me when I tell him," she thought.
Then, remembering how kind he would be to her, how tender and gentle when he heard that she had been frightened, a sudden longing for his presence came over her, so intense as to bring with it a sense of bitter pain.

"Oh, my love, if you would but hasten," she said—"if you would but come!"
But there was no sign of him on the high road.

She traced her steps slowly; he would be sure to overtake her. A thousand things might have happened. He might have been too late for the train, or have been detained at Welde. There was no need for anxiety; yet her heart was heavy and she shivered for fear.

Seven o'clock, and no sign of him. She must hurry back to Manor House or she would be late for dinner, and so displease her aunt. The pitiful beseeching eyes looked lingeringly down the white road, and then slowly and reluctantly Hilary went back through the woods, stopping at every sound, starting at every rustle of the trees. But Lewis did not come. Still she did not despair; he would be sure to appear later on. Lady Mary had detained him; and of course if she had much to say, he would be com-

pelled to stop and listen. He would be with her by nine—he must be.

She went through the ordeal of dinner, talked to Lady Kilmore, listened to a hundred plans for the coming season, and all the time the same piteous prayer kept ascending from the heart—
"Oh, my love, if you would but hasten—if you would but come!"

It was some relief to get away to her own room and fling her arms round her faithful maid.

"The Captain has not come, Jane. Say something to comfort me, or I shall die!"

Jane Holmes did all she could to comfort her mistress, spoke of the uncertainty of the trains, the lateness of the hour, and said that, even if Captain Carlisle had reached Welde by the eight o'clock train, he would know that it was too late to come on to the Manor House; but no doubt he would be there early in the morning.

"Try to sleep," she added. "You would not like him to find you looking pale and hollow-eyed."

She glanced at her young mistress's face and sighed over the wilfulness that had marred its beauty.

"The day of her marriage was an evil one for her, poor child," she said to herself. "But she would have her own way. It has not brought her much happiness though."

Hilary tried to rest; but she awoke every now and then crying out—"Oh, my love, if you would but come!"—awoke to find her face wet with tears and her heart heavy with sad forebodings—awoke to wonder where her husband was, what had happened, and why he had not kept his promise—awoke to pray that Heaven would bless him and send him to her soon, and that their love story might have a happy ending; but never awoke to knowledge of what had happened.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE sun shone brightly. All the gloom and the angry clouds of the day before had disappeared; the air was fresh and the birds were singing blithely.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hilary, as the sunbeams awoke her.

She should soon see Lewis now—in an hour, at least; he would be impatient to come over and explain what had detained him on the evening before.

"Make me look beautiful, Jane!" she cried in the very gladness of her heart. And Jane did her best.

She brushed out the long golden hair that fell like a thick veil over the girl's head and shoulders, and fastened it with a snood of blue ribbon; then she attired her in a morning dress of white India muslin and lace. The fresh dainty beauty had gone back to Hilary's face, and she was all full of hope.

"I am so sure that Captain Carlisle will come early, Jane," she said, "that every moment I fancy I hear his voice."

"You could not look more beautiful if an emperor was coming!" declared the maid.

Hilary went down-stairs with a rose at her breast and a love song on her lips. She entered the breakfast room, where Lady Kilmore awaited her, with bright sunny smiles. They faded however, when she looked into her relative's face. It was white, worn, and drawn as with pain. The girl's first terrified thought was that her aunt had heard of the marriage, and that she would have to face the storm all alone, without her husband to help her.

"Auntie," she said, taking one white cold hand in hers, "what is the matter?"

"I have had a shock, my dear," replied Lady Kilmore—"a terrible shock. I wonder that it did not kill me, it was so sudden!"

The girl's head drooped until it rested on her aunt's bosom.

"A shock?" she said gently. "Aunt, is it I who have shocked you?"

"You? No, child! How could you shock me? You are always good, my darling!"—and Lady Kilmore caressed the fair hair with her cold hand. "I have heard some very sad news, Hilary. It will grieve you

I know; and that makes me loath to tell you of it. No grief or pain should come to one as young as you."

Hilary looked up in wonder; she had not the least perception of the truth. She was sure that Lewis was safe. That being the case, nothing could seriously trouble her.

"I thank Heaven now, Hilary," continued Lady Kilmore, "that you were docile and obedient to me, and took warning in time. Had you not done so this would have been a terrible blow to you."

A faint sense of fear stirred the girl's heart; but it was not for him her beloved husband. He was safe no matter what else was wrong!

"I have never been more horrified or grieved in my life," pursued Lady Kilmore. "I have never known anything so sad. You remember I told you that Lady Mary Trevor had returned, and that she is now at Scarsdale Park?"

"Yes," answered the girl, and her heart almost ceased to beat; "go on quickly, aunt!"

"Yesterday morning Captain Carlisle left Barton Abbey to go to see her. He told Lady Arden that he was going to spend a few hours with her, and that he should return to the Abbey at night. She supposed that he went to make arrangements for their marriage. He left Haunchwood by the eight o'clock train."

The speaker did not notice how the slender hands clung to her, how the girlish figure swayed to and fro, how the miserable face was raised to hers, how the sweet innocent eyes had grown dark with horror—she was engrossed in her story.

"He went," continued Lady Kilmore, "by the North Blankshire line, and on that line there is a bridge that crosses the river not far from the county town. The bridge was always considered safe; but yesterday morning it broke down when the train was in the middle of it, and the train was precipitated into the river. Twenty persons were killed, and the rest of the passengers were more or less injured."

Hilary did not speak but glanced up into Lady Kilmore's face with an agonized look that her aunt never forgot.

"Twenty persons were killed," repeated Lady Kilmore, "and amongst them was Captain Carlisle. They found him—"

She stopped abruptly, for the girl had slipped through her arms and fallen to the ground.

Lady Kilmore was about to tell how they had found him in the river, quite dead, with a smile on his face, and a locket with a ringlet of golden hair in his hand. She rose in haste.

"I was afraid she would take it to heart! It is terrible," she said, "but I may thank Heaven it is no worse. She might have fallen in love with him, and then—"

But the matter seemed more serious than she had at first imagined. The girl had fainted, she fancied, from sheer fright and surprise. When she tried to raise her, she thought for a few minutes that Hilary was dead. She rang the bell for Jane Holmes.

"I am afraid Miss Nairne is very ill," she said to the maid.

"Ill? Oh, my lady, she looks as if she was dead!" cried the terrified maid. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," replied Lady Kilmore somewhat bewildered. "I was talking to her, and she fainted."

She did not care to disclose the subject of the conversation lest the servants should gossip; but Jane was not to be daunted by Lady Kilmore's dignity or reserve.

"Talking to her, and she fainted! What was your ladyship talking about?"

The directness of the question threw Lady Kilmore off her guard.

"I was telling Miss Nairne the story of the terrible accident that has happened to Captain Carlisle, and of his death. You must have heard of it, Jane?"

"Yes, I have just this moment heard of it," replied the woman with a deep moan, bending over the unconscious girl. "May Heaven help us all! It has killed her, my lady!"

"Nonsense!" said Lady Kilmore abruptly. "Why should it kill her? It can

not matter much to her, though of course she must have been shocked to hear of the sudden death of an intimate acquaintance."

"Heaven help us all!" moaned the woman. "I do not see what is to be done!"

"Jane, you annoy me!" cried Lady Kilmore. "What are you looking in that strange wild fashion for? Rise, Miss Nairne, and help me to lay her upon the couch."

But Jane wrung her hands, and cried out with white lips, that she did not know what was to be done. Lady Kilmore spoke angrily to her, and that seemed to bring back the maid's wandering senses.

"If you can do nothing but wring your hands and cry, Jane Holmes," said Lady Kilmore, "go away, and send some one who will help me."

"I will help, my lady! Pray forgive me; I was horrified. Are you sure that the Captain is dead?"

Lady Kilmore was surprised at the woman's manner; she could not understand it.

"Certainly," she replied; "it is quite true. But Captain Carlisle's death can have little to do with Miss Nairne's illness. The unexpected news has no doubt terrified her; but she looked very ill yesterday. Did it not strike you?"

"Yes, my lady," responded the maid, who by this time had nearly recovered her usual manner. Then she busied herself in trying to bring back life to the silent figure. "I can manage her better alone, my lady," she said in a few moments. "I was frightened at first; but now I see that it is only a fainting fit."

She thought that if Lady Kilmore was present when the girl regained her senses, Hilary might betray herself by the very excess of the sorrow, whereas, if she were alone, it would matter little what she said. But Lady Kilmore would not leave her, she was anxious and alarmed.

"If she does not recover soon, Jane," she said, "I must send for a doctor. I cannot bear to see her in this state."

But the woman bending over the insensible girl said to herself that the greatest mercy Heaven could grant Hilary would be to let her die now and not to live to remember the past.

At last the girl's eyes opened, and they fell on the two anxious faces bending over her. She held out her arms to Lady Kilmore.

"Auntie," she said, with a strange glaze, "let me go to my own room. I—I cannot stay here."

"But what is the matter, my darling? What made you ill?"

It seemed incredible to Lady Kilmore that such anguish could have been caused by the news of Captain Carlisle's death. After all, there had been nothing but a relation between them, and even that had not gone far. The girl must be ill; and Lady Kilmore, who loved her dearly, was greatly distressed.

"Let me go to my own room," pleaded Hilary. "I shall be better there."

She felt that, unless she could be alone to sob out her grief and pain, it must kill her. Lady Kilmore let her have her own way, and went with her to her room. When she reached it, Hilary fell upon her knees with a bitter cry that was like the wail of one in terrible pain, and Lady Kilmore's eyes grew dim with tears.

"Did you love him, Hilary?" she asked gently.

"With my whole heart!" was the despairing answer; and there was no word of reproach. Oh, auntie," cried the miserable girl, "help me in my anguish! Shut out the sunlight—it seems to mock me—and take away the flowers! Leave me here to die!"

"My darling, Hilary," began her aunt. But the girl looked up with such fierce anguish in her eyes that she stopped abruptly. "Auntie do not use loving words to me; they blister my heart! Do me the only kindness by leaving me alone, I must be alone!"

Lady Kilmore, seeing the desperation in the girl's face, the clenched hands, the wild eyes, knew that her wisest plan would be to

submit, and leave her there. Nevertheless she was bewildered; she could not understand such excessive grief.

"She could not really have loved him," she said to herself. "It must be excited fancy, roused by his horrible death. She will get over it in a few hours; I must be very kind to her."

Meanwhile Hilary was lying face downward, calling upon Heaven to have mercy upon her and let her die.

"How could you leave me, Lewis," she cried, "with the weight of our secret to bear alone? Oh, love, stretch out your hands to me and take me with you! Oh, my heart, my heart! What must I do!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE dreadful railway accident was a nine days' wonder. There had been nothing so terrible since the Abergele tragedy had set all England talking. There were the usual number of indignant letters in the newspapers and the usual number of leading articles all with a terribly stern moral. There was the usual inquiry, resulting in a verdict of "culpable negligence" upon some man who was not responsible for the accident. And there the whole affair ended.

The dead were buried; those who were maimed for life had some heavy pecuniary compensation awarded them; and those who had been slightly injured secured redress of a less substantial character.

When Lewis Carlisle's sad death became known to his brother-officers, they insisted upon having the body taken to Dover, where the regiment was awaiting orders; and there he was buried with military honors. They had refrained from taking from the dead man's hand the locket containing the ringlet of golden hair so tightly clasped in it, and they did not speak of it to Lady Mary Trevor who followed him to the grave for she had dark hair, and they thought she would not like to hear it.

All she had heard that two days after her arrival in England Captain Carlisle started for Scarsdale Park to see her, and Lady Arden, although she had no grounds for saying so, told her that it was to arrange for his marriage, and Lady Mary believed it, and therefore mourned him as though she had been his wife.

She went to his funeral while his beautiful wife, whom he had loved so fondly, lay stricken almost unto death. It was Lady Mary who ordered the white marble monument for his grave; it was to Lady Mary that sympathy and condolences were offered; while she who had loved him, and the best part of whose life had died with him, lay in her darkened room with the knowledge of her terrible secret breaking her heart.

The Ardens went to Captain Carlisle's funeral; and asked Lady Mary to return with them, thinking that it would comfort and console her to spend a few days where the last days of his life had been passed. And Lady Mary, who had really cared for him with a gentle kindly affection, was pleased with the invitation, and was comforted by hearing all the details that Lord and Lady Arden gave her of those last days of the man to whom she had always considered herself engaged. She went into deep mourning for him, and said more than once that, now he was dead, she should never marry. Altogether, every one was charmed with Lady Mary's behavior; it was so exactly of what it ought to have been that it pleased everybody.

Lady Kilmore went over to see her; and by force of circumstances was compelled to invite her to dinner with the Ardens. Lady Mary had expressed a great wish to see Hilary; and the mistress of Weldhome thought it would cure her of her love sickness to see this plain kindly gentlewoman in deep mourning for the man whose death seemed to have broken her heart.

"It will be the finest remedy possible for her," she thought; and it was with some degree of hope that she asked Lady Mary to the Manor House.

For by this time Lady Kilmore had become alarmed about her niece. Hilary had never seemed in the least to recover from her depression. If ping to arouse her, Lady Kilmore told her all the news of the inquest, of the splendid funeral, and of Lady Mary being chief mourner, never dreaming that the white hands we clench in important anger.

"He was mine in life, and mine in death," thought the girl. How dare any one else follow him to the grave? How dare any other woman weep over him, or wear mourning for him? He was all mine!

Of what use was it even to hint at her secret when every one was talking about Lady Mary and her charming behavior? People would only think her mad, and shut her up perhaps in an asylum. What should she do? What could she do as she lay there listless, wretched, and despairing? The cry that always came in to her lips was "Stretch out your hands to me, darling, and take me with you!"

Perhaps no one had ever prayed for death so recently as did this young girl, who was left alone to face the most terrible of ordeals. Of what use would it be to say that Captain Carlisle had loved her when Lady Mary wore crepe for him and behaved, every one said, so "sweetly"? Hilary

raged when she heard the word. Any one could behave "sweetly" when the heart's best love was not at stake. What had Lady Mary to behave "sweetly" about? She said nothing. Hilary felt that she hated Lady Mary when she remembered that but for her beloved young husband might have been living and well. If he had not gone to Scarsdale on that day, he would have been with her now!

She was almost his murderer, thought the unhappy girl; but for her and her miserable claim on him, he would never have died as he did. Hilary lay in her darkened room thinking of these things and wondering how the short tragedy of her life would end.

What she suffered during those few days only Heaven knew; her faithful maid perhaps guessed. When Hilary came downstairs, she looked so ill and so woe-begone, so utterly miserable, that those who saw her hardly recognized her. Lady Kilmore asked her one evening to come down into the drawing room.

"As well there as anywhere," said Hilary to herself. If it would please her aunt, she would go.

She little dreamed of the trial that awaited her. During that afternoon she had been endeavoring to make up her mind how to tell Lady Kilmore of her secret, she must tell her; unless Heaven in mercy took her home. Her mind was so full of it that she had not at first noticed that visitors were in the drawing room, until Lady Arden came forward eagerly to meet her.

"My dearest Hilary, what have you done to yourself?" she asked. "You look—pray forgive the vulgarism, my dear—as though you were washed out. I did not know you you had been so ill."

The last time she had spoken to Lady Arden her beloved husband had been standing by her side; and the very memory of it sent hot tears to her eyes, and the voice trembled as she tried to speak to her. Lady Arden felt much concern with her.

Then Lady Mary came up, wondering who the pale woe-begone girl could be. Lady Arden introduced her, and the two who had so strangely crossed each other's path looked at each other for the first time. Hilary's heart rose in hot rebellion against her position. Here was this woman whom Lewis had never loved in all the insignia of woe, and concluded with the display of a very moderate amount of grief, while she whom he had loved with all his heart, whose face he had kissed, his wife, his widow, was without an external sign of mourning, but with her heart almost broken!

She was compelled to answer, for Lady Mary was talking more kindly to her, telling her that she must rest and be careful. She made Hilary down upon a sofa; and, seeing how deadly pale she was, Lady Mary thought she was cold, and wrapped a shawl around her.

Then the conversation which Hilary's entrance had interrupted was resumed; it was all about Captain Carlisle. Lady Mary had no interest in it beyond that of hearing him spoken of; but Lady Kilmore had her own purpose to serve. She thought that, if Hilary heard how everybody considered that he had belonged in honor to Lady Mary, she would not like to have it known that she had ever cared about him. So she led Lady Mary to speak of him; and Lady Mary's heart warming to the sympathy she had received, she said more than she was justified in saying. She spoke of him as though they had been plighted lovers by an act of his own free will; she talked of devoting her life to his memory, and hinted that after him every other man must seem to her commonplace.

Once from the sofa where the unhappy girl was lying came a stifled moan; and Lady Mary turned quickly.

"The heat is too much for you, my dear," she said. "You will have to be careful."

Then, in the same calm manner, she went on to discuss the funeral and its details, and her own feelings as chief mourner. She would have said more, but this time a low groan came from the white lips of the girl; and when Lady Kilmore went to her, she found that Hilary was in a deep swoon.

After that she lay some weeks ill, and every one deaps red of her life.

CHAPTER X.

SOME months had passed since the night when, tormented and despairing, Hilary Carlisle had fallen ill with the sickness that was so near bringing death to her.

It was the first week in October now, and Lady Kilmore sat in her favorite room, puzzled and unhappy. She could not understand Hilary. The girl had recovered from her terrible illness, but she had never been the same since. Lady Kilmore had taken her to Cannes; they had been to Paris for a fortnight; but the more places they visited the worse Hilary became.

It was most mysterious to Lady Kilmore. Hilary had been the gayest of the gay, and had filled the house with sunshine and laughter; now, whenever Lady Kilmore entered a room where she was, she found her crying. If ever she came upon her suddenly, it was always to find her alone, miserable and wretched.

Of one thing Lady Kilmore felt quite sure

—that there was more the matter with Hilary than simply grief at the death of Captain Carlisle. Her ladyship knew that with young people the most bitter grief passes away with time; but Hilary's grief did not pass away, and her aunt was becoming anxious about her. Her whole appearance was changing. The girl's face had lost all its dainty bloom and her beautiful eyes their light. The settled look of pain never left her face, and she appeared like one who was bowed down with some hidden grief.

Another thing struck Lady Kilmore as stranger and that was the great anxiety of the maid Jane Holmes. The woman followed her young mistress everywhere, seemed always very solicitous about her, and looked at her with such sorrow, and wistful pity, that Lady Kilmore was puzzled.

"Do you think Miss Nairne is so very ill, Janet?" she asked the maid one day.

"Yes, I do indeed, my lady," was the answer. "I think she is far worse than any one supposes."

"Then it will be better for me to call in a physician," said Lady Kilmore. "If she is really seriously ill, I must have proper advice for her. I have done all I possibly could, I can do no more."

"Perhaps it would be better," returned Jane Holmes; but her face was full of doubt.

Lady Kilmore was very unhappy. She had the most tender affection for her niece, was proud of her, and had built great hopes on her beauty. It seemed to her now that the girl's life was blighted, she could not tell how. It could not be that unfortunate love affair; even supposing that she had really loved Captain Carlisle with all her heart. Many weeks had passed since his death; yet the girl did not get better. As it was, her spirit had all left her. She was pale, languid, listless; she took no interest in anything; life and everything seemed to be an intolerable burden to her. She declined all invitations; and, when visitors came to Weldhome, instead of being as she was once, the very light of the place, she would plead any excuse rather than see them. She was no longer a bright happy girl, but was pale, thin, and miserable. Lady Kilmore could not understand it.

Her anxiety reached a climax one October evening. Hilary had left the drawing-room, and soon afterwards Lady Kilmore saw her pass the windows and cross the lawn. She had thrown a black lace shawl over her head, and her beautiful face wore the fixed look of utter despair.

"What can be the matter with the girl?" said Lady Kilmore to herself. "She looks to me as though she was going to die. I will have a physician at once, and I will go and speak to her now. My beautiful Hilary is but the shadow of herself!"

She followed her niece, her heart heavy with anxiety; but it was to be heavier still. She went across the lawn, remembering how often she had watched Hilary cross it with flying feet, so different from the slow halting step now. Lady Kilmore was a tender-hearted woman, and her own eyes filled with tears. She saw Hilary go to her favorite resort, the shady grove of chestnut trees, and she followed her.

As she drew near, Lady Kilmore heard the sound of a bitter weeping; surely it was not Hilary! Advancing a little further, she saw her niece kneeling on the soft turf, her head resting against the trunk of a chestnut-tree, her face buried in her hands, her whole frame shaking with deep drawn terrible sobs and sighs. She heard her crying wildly—

"Stretch out your hands to me my darling! Oh, why have you left me to bear all alone? Oh, love, when I loved you so well, help me, for I know not what to do! I cannot bear my trouble alone. I must have love and pity or I shall die!" sobbed the unhappy girl. "What am I to do? Oh that I might die! Dear Heaven, why may I not? My heart's love has left me; he does not know the torture that my secret is to me!"

Lady Kilmore stood pale and motionless a sense of coming evil stealing over her.

"If I cry to you, Lewis," pursued the girl, "can you hear me, or are you deaf to all worldly sounds? Lewis, how could you leave me to bear my trial all alone? Will no one take pity on me? Can you not stretch out your hands to me and place me by your side?"

She started when a hand was laid upon her shoulder—it seemed as though her prayer had been suddenly granted, but, when she looked up, she saw the face of Lady Kilmore bending over her.

"Hilary, my dear child, what does this mean?" asked her aunt. "I could not help overhearing your few last words. What is wrong? I have always been your best and truest friend—will you not tell me the cause of your grief?"

"Would to Heaven that I might!" answered the girl. "Oh, auntie, if I could but open my heart to you! But I am afraid—surely afraid I shall never find courage!"

On hearing these words, Lady Kilmore's heart sank within her. What could be wrong? Looking at the white miserable face before her it was impossible to be angry. The only thing she could do was to try

diat of gentleness and patience to win the girl's secret from her.

"My darling," said Lady Kilmore, "have I once, since we have been like mother and child, uttered an impatient or angry word to you?"

"No, never," answered Hilary readily.

"Then why do you fear me now? Why not trust me? Why does your faith in me suddenly fail you?"

"It is not that; auntie, my faith does not fail me, nor does my trust—but I am afraid. You will be shocked, horrified; and my trouble is so great that I could not bear the least addition to it."

"I shall not add to your burden my reproaches, Hilary. You cannot believe that I would add to your distress. I love you too dearly, and will do anything I can to help you. Hilary, trust me as though I were really your mother—trust me my dear!"

She put her arm round the slender figure, and felt the girl tremble within her clasp.

"Trust me, my dear, and you shall never repent your trust."

"Oh, auntie," cried Hilary, "I do not know how to tell you. I am ashamed—frightened;—I cannot tell you!"

Lady Kilmore grew more anxious. If frank open-hearted Hilary had a secret which she could not tell, it must be indeed a terrible one. Seen in her turn was frightened.

"Is there any one living, Hilary, whom you could trust better than me? If so, I will send for them. I will do anything to help you; but I will never force your confidence."

The next moment Hilary was kneeling at her feet.

"It is not that, auntie; I trust and love no one better than you. But can you not guess—you who loved some one yourself years ago—can you not guess the truth?"

"I am afraid, Hilary," said Lady Kilmore gravely. "I am bewildered. I dare not guess. It cannot surely be anything of Captain Carlisle! I know you liked him very much; but the pain of that loss must be over now."

"Auntie," cried the girl, almost in despair, "can you not guess the truth? He never loved Lady Mary. When I heard her talking so calmly to you about him and about her sorrow, my heart grew faint. He never loved her, auntie!"

"Then he must have deceived her, my dear," said Lady Kilmore gravely. She repeated having spoken the words when she saw how they pained her niece.

"He never deceived any one dearest auntie. When he went to Scarsdale, it was not to arrange with her when the marriage should take place, but it was to tell her that he could not marry her. Can you not guess the reason?"

"Because he loved you?" replied Lady Kilmore, shaking her head.

"It was better or worse than that," said Hilary—"better or worse—I cannot tell which."

"What do you mean, Hilary? Tell me the truth at once. I am frightened; speak plainly."

"He went to tell Lady Mary that he could not marry her because—he had a wife already."

"A wife! Lewis Carlisle married! Hilary it is not possible!"

"It is true. Auntie, can you not guess the result?"

"No, my dear; I am hopelessly in the dark. I understand less than ever. Captain Carlisle had a wife! How was it that no one ever knew? Who was she?"

"Can you not guess? I loved him and he loved me."

"Great Heaven," cried Lady Kilmore, "you cannot mean that you were his wife!"

"I do indeed. Forgive me, aunt—do not be angry with me. I loved him so—I could not help it—and he loved me. I was his wife."

But Lady Kilmore's agitation was so great for a time that she could listen to no more.

"You," she cried—"you, whom I thought a child—your whom I have loved as my own—your married without my knowledge! Oh, Hilary how could you do it! Tell me the whole story," she went on, after a pause. "My dear it is far worse than I thought."

And, still kneeling at her aunt's feet on the turf, Hilary told the brief sweet story of her passionate love and its terrible ending, of her marriage, and the one week that was like a dream of elysium. Lady Kilmore listened in a state of bewilderment.

"And I knew nothing of this all the time!" she cried. "If I had known I should have saved you!"

"If this story becomes known, Hilary, your whole life will be ruined. It was most cruel for him to betray you so. You are quite a child. If the truth becomes known I shall never lift up my head again."

"It cannot be known, auntie. The minister who married us was exceedingly old and seemed hardly to know what he was doing. I read the very next week in one of the Northern papers that he had died of apoplexy; and I was not in the least surprised. Two of those present at the marriage are dead, the other two are living; but the secret is safe enough with them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to **EXTEND THE TIME UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.**

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTÉ BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in solid gold, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamanté Brillants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth \$100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Chillicothe, Tex.: May 20, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received the premium ring the other day. I think it is more than you represent it to be. I thank you so much for such a present. I like the paper so much that it seems so long to wait for it.
R. S. S.

Shippensburg, Pa.: June 6, 1881.
Editors Sat. Evening Post:—I received the ring that you sent, and I was very much pleased with it. Everyone who has seen it pronounces it elegant. Accept thanks. The paper alone is worth the money.
W. S. S.

Savannah, Ga.: June 10, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The ring I received is right, and it much exceeds my expectations. Many thanks for your beautiful present.
J. S. K.

Montreal, June 15, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring received. Perfectly satisfied. Thanks.
S. E. F.

Holmesville, Va.: June 11, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am proud to acknowledge receipt of your valuable present. Please accept many thanks and best wishes for your future prosperity. The paper is one of the best I have ever read.
S. O. T.

Davis City, Ia.: June 12, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your paper and premium ring, and am very well pleased with both.
E. H.

Goodman, Miss.: June 13, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring has been received. It is superior to anything I expected to get. Many thanks for the pleasant surprise. I wish that all who may subscribe will be as well pleased with paper and premium as myself.
W. V. S.

Liberty, Kan.: June 11, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring and am very well pleased with it.
G. F.

Ottumwa, Iowa, June 16, 1881.
Editors Post:—Premium ring received and am much pleased with it.
E. F. D.

Aberdeen, Ohio, May 26, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring duly received. Think it very handsome. Please accept thanks.
L. B.

Wicklow, Ireland, June 13, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I beg leave to acknowledge the beautiful ring which I received safely on Monday, and thank the Post for such a beautiful premium.
M. E.

East Hamilton, Tex.: June 14, 1881.
Editor Post:—My premium ring has just been received. I also enclose for one of the subscribers. They give perfect satisfaction.
W. H. B.

Three Rivers, Mass.: June 15, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring and am well pleased. Many thanks. You will hear from me again soon.
M. H.

Cedar Hill, Oregon, June 20, 1881.
Editors Post:—The ring and paper and were duly received. They are much better than expected. I am highly pleased with them. I like the Post very much indeed and will do all I can for you. Please accept my sincere thanks.
Miss O. E. S.

Leithboro, Ill.: June 22, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring was received and has proved satisfactory. Indeed, it is much better than I expected to receive. I like the paper very much.
Miss M. D.

Grove Hill, Clark Co., Ala.: June 8, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The paper and ring came safely to hand. I think it beautiful. I feel very grateful to you for my paper and premium. You have acted up right, and as gentleman should. I am now doing all I can for you.
G. H. S.

Milburn, N. J.: June 22, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring to day. Am very much pleased with it. It is much better than I expected.
Mrs. H. E. B.

Toombsville, Ga.: June 23, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectations. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium.
Miss H. J.

Kildare, Cass Co., Texas, May 28, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have just received your premium ring and am happy to say I am well pleased with it and highly pleased with your paper. I will do all I can to promote your interest in my power and to spread your paper in Texas.
G. W. T.

Marion, S. C.: May 29, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received; everybody says it is a diamond. I wouldn't sell it for anything if I could not get another. I will always subscribe for the Post.
L. W.

South Grove, May 30, 1881.
Editors Post:—The premium ring received and am much pleased with it. So are all that see them.
Mrs. A. W.

Haton, Colfax Co., New Mex.: June 9, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The diamond ring has been received. It is beautiful.
R. F. L.

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A Run for Life.

BY JOHN CHAMBERS.

In my young days I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and one summer vacation I was delighted to receive an invitation from a bachelor cousin, Fred Vernon, to spend a week or two with him in a distant part of the country.

Fred was agent to Squire Althorpe, who owned pretty nearly the whole of the district in which he lived; and as the Squire spent a good part of his time away from home, I knew I should be able to roam about the place very much as I liked, and should therefore have ample opportunities of adding to my collection of butterflies and other insects.

At the time of my visit the Squire was away on the continent; and on the morning after my arrival, Fred, having some leisure time at his disposal, proposed that we take a ramble round the park, and finish up by visiting the kennels. We did go and I must say I enjoyed the walk very much.

As for the dogs I saw, I have never forgotten them. Each breed had its own special department, and an assistant to see to it. Much as the spaniels and setters interested me—for I was a bit of a sportsman as well as a naturalist—I must confess that a pack of splendid bloodhounds struck me most of all. Their wise, solemn looking faces, with their gracefully pendulous ears, as fine and as soft as silk, were indeed a study. This pack, I was told, was not only celebrated for its appearance, but also for its work. They were trained to follow a trail of biped as well as quadruped, with the most undeviating certainty; and their presence in the Squire's kennels did more to check poaching than an army of gamekeepers. While we were admiring the hounds, the kennel man told us several tales in illustration of this fact.

A few mornings after our visit to the kennels, Fred told me as we sat at breakfast, that he had some estate business to transact at the town a few miles off, which would require him to be from home nearly the whole day. I could come with him, he said, if I chose; but once at the town, he must leave me to my own devices; and he opined that I should find it rather dull. With thanks for his offer, I assured him I would much prefer an expedition by myself on the heath to hanging about town; but at the same time I suggested that, if my services would render him any help, I would gladly sacrifice my own comfort to his. With a laugh, he said that I should only be in the way if I came with him; and we settled the matter there and then.

After breakfast, Fred's horse was brought round to the door; and with parting injunctions to me to go where I liked, he rode off.

Shortly after his departure, armed with my butterfly net and with a goodly store of collecting boxes for the reception of my spoils, I too started for a long solitary ramble across the heath.

I had been gone about two hours, and had been wandering about in an aimless fashion in pursuit of specimens, visiting two or three old pits, and the various hollows in the heath as I came to them, when, on mounting some rising ground, the deep notes of a bloodhound was borne faintly to me by the gentle breeze that was blowing from the direction of the kennels. As I listened, the sound appeared to grow a trifle more distinct, and entirely died away. Thinking that they might be out after an escaped deer, I did not pay much attention to what I heard, but proceeded on my way to the next bit of high ground. Here the deep voices of the hounds were heard more distinctly. They are coming this way, I thought to myself; and straining my eyes in the direction from which the sounds came, I tried to distinguish the pack. This was no easy matter on the burnt grass of the heath. However, I at last succeeded in making them out, and perceived that they were alone. This surprised me, for Fred had mentioned that the kennelman always accompanied them when they were out for exercise, or when they were being used to drive back any deer that had succeeded in getting over the high railings that surrounded this part of the park.

Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind—They have broken loose, and are hunting me!

What was to be done? Here was I, a stranger to the hounds, alone and unarmed in the middle of a vast heath. No house or shelter of any kind was near.

Scanning the very limited horizon eagerly to catch sight of any shelter that might be visible, I saw nothing that could help me, unless it was a distant tree. So I started to run.

I was rapidly becoming exhausted, but still on I tottered my head reeling and my eyes swimming with the unwearied exertion, for now I could see the tree some hundred yards distant. With the little strength I had left I dashed for it; but, to my dismay, saw that the lower branches were beyond my reach. Suddenly I remembered that I had my butterfly net, which was strong, and serviceable in my hand; and on reaching the foot of the tree I hooked

the ring of the net over the broken stump of a bough and by dint of almost superhuman exertion I managed, I hardly know how, to scale the rough bark and drag my self into the pooled head of the tree. I was just in time, for as I reached this place of safety, the hounds were round the foot of the tree baying furiously.

Feeling a deadly faintness creeping over me, I had enough presence of mind left to undo the stout leather belt I wore round my waist, and fasten myself by it to one of the branches. Then the baying of the hounds, the rustling of the leaves, and, as I fancied, the blowing of a horn, were mingled together in a confused murmur, and I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, I was stretched on the ground, my head supported on the knees of the old kennelman; while one of his assistants was attempting to pour a little brandy through my clenched teeth. My old pursuers were lying on the ground close by, watching the proceedings with solemn indifference; and a couple of horses were cropping the grass close by. I was soon sufficiently restored to mount one of the horses; and as we walked slowly home, the old man told me how it happened that the hounds had broken loose. He had taken them out for a run on the heath as usual, he said, when suddenly they appeared to him off a trail of some kind. Thinking, as I did when I first heard them, that one of the deer had escaped, he encouraged them to follow up the scent. While following them, his horse fell, and being somewhat hurt, he started back to the stables, and taking one of his helpers with him, he set off in search of the hounds. The two men rode after them as well as they could, having only the sound, and that at times, very faint, to guide them. The nature of the ground over which they were riding obliged them to proceed slowly; and it was some time, probably, after I had fainted that, instead of the deer they expected to find, they had come upon me hanging by my belt in the tree.

'Would the hounds have killed me if I had not been able to find shelter?' I presently asked.

'Yes; most certainly they would,' was the old man's reply, 'if they had been left to themselves.'

What a narrow escape I felt I had had! But for the refuge of that solitary tree, my life would most certainly have been sacrificed. When at length I reached my cousin's house, the reaction consequent upon the intense excitement of the past few hours had begun, and I had to take to my bed, where a rigid fever detained me for a few weeks. During all that period my thoughts were occupied with the fearful experiences of that day on the moor; and even now, though restored to my former health and vigor, it is not without a shudder that I am able to think of that Run for my Life.

HOW SCULPTURE WORKS.—A skeleton of wood and iron is constructed in the shape of the figure to be made, round which the modeling clay may be wrought—a constant practice with those who feel it to be wiser to work in a soft and pliable material, than to commit themselves with small models in the difficulties of marble. On this skeleton of wood a proper frame work is constructed to support hanging draperies or outstretched arms. Wire and bits of wood will suspend arms or folds; while the whole skeleton is kept in its position by an upright piece of timber resembling the mast of a ship, which rises out of the centre of the platform on which the statue is to be modeled. When the skeleton is ready and the modeling clay nicely beat up till it is as pliable as the softest dough, the artist places the sketch which he means to copy before him, and cutting the square lumps of clay into long thin slices he works it round the frame work and beats it solidly in, so as to leave no crevices in which water may lodge and endanger his labor. The clay, wrought with tools of wood and with the hand, gradually grows into the desired form. The artist turns the figure round and round—proves it in strong and in weak lights—compares it with the copy until all is done. Then the copy is imitated in marble.

WHAT NEXT.—Don't trouble yourself about the next thing you are to do. No man can do the second thing. He can do the first. If he omits it the wheels of the social Juggernaut roll over him, and leave him more or less crushed behind. If he does it he keeps in front, and finds room to do the next again; and so he is sure to arrive at something, for the onward march will carry him with it. There is no saying to what perfection of success a man may come, who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at his hand. He makes a vortex of action, however slight, toward which all the means instantly begin to gravitate. Let a man but lay hold of some thing—anything—and he is on the high road to success, though it may be very long before he can walk comfortably in it.
M. S.

Comets are not such great rarities, after all. They have averaged one every four years since the Christian era.

ERIC-A-BRAC.

AUBURN HAIR.—The Romans attached great significance to the color of the hair. Auburn or light hair was considered most desirable, and long before the time of Judas red hair was regarded with great disfavor.

CALAMITY.—Etymologically this word signifies the beating down of standing corn by wind or storm. The word is the Latin calamitas, a stalk of corn. Hence O.ero calls a storm calamitosa tempestas, a corn-beating tempest.

DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL.—It is stated that the door nail is the part of the knob on which the knocker or hammer strikes. It has therefore been humorously suggested that as this nail is knocked on the head several times a day, it cannot be supposed to have much life in it.

SKELETON CLOCK.—The monks of La Trappe have a clock in the large hall of the convent which is a frightfully complete piece of mechanism. A perfect human skeleton stands by the wall pointing with its fleshless fingers at the hours marked upon a revolving dial.

THE PEACH.—Originally, the peach was a poisonous almond. In olden times its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transportation and cultivation not only removed its poisonous properties, but produced the delicious fruit which we now enjoy in its season.

A ROMAN BABY'S TOMB.—The touch of nature tells us that a mother's love and grief two thousand years ago were the same as now. On an old tomb in the Eternal City the following inscription may still be read:—"Gaius Julius Maximus, aged two years and five months. O relatives! fortune, who delighted in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from a mother? He was used to lie joyful on my bosom! His stone now marks his tomb—hisoid a mother."

THE LARGEST ROOM.—The largest room in the world, under one roof and under one pillar, is at St. Petersburg. It is 630 feet long by 150 in breadth. By day it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely make all movements in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball room. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single area of iron, and it exhibits a remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

FOOLS.—We are always discovering fools who spend their time collecting one thing or another of no value to themselves or to the community. A St. Louis man was heard of the other day who has collected over 700 different kinds of bottles; a Louisville idiot has an assortment of several hundred hair brushes that cost him thousands of dollars; and now a man is reported to have saved the label from every bottle of wine he ever drank. He has them all pasted in a scrap book, and there are over 500 of them.

CHINESE WEDDINGS.—The wedding festivities among the Chinese are kept up until the expiration of three days from the time of the wedding ceremony, when the bride returns without the groom to her parents. Here she entertains her female friends. At these festivities the husband must not appear until sent for by his father-in-law and mother-in-law, who seldom keep him in suspense more than two days. Upon being notified by his bride's parents, he goes to their house, when, taking his bride, he immediately returns to his own home, which thereafter is to be hers also.

A USEFUL HINT.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eyes upon it and if it decreases it disappears it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases it is a sign that your overcoat with you if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones towards it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.—It is found that young men from 15 to 20 years of age marry young women averaging two to three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are 20 or 25 years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and henceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every day occurrence. Again, the husbands of young women aged 20 and under, average a little above 25 years; and the inequality of age diminishes henceforward, till, for women who have reached 30 the respective ages are equal. After 35 years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at 55 it averages nine years.

CHARADE.

BY W. V.

I am a happy woman? Yes
The measure of my happiness
Fate's bounty can no higher fill.
I surely happy am! Yet still—

My brown hair has no silver thread,
My fresh cheek shows its white and red,
As fairest in the eyes of men
My love hath chosen me. But then—

Health, wealth are mine. Great meed of praise
Makes bright the sunshine of my days,
Is pleasant paths my feet are set;
Friends guard me tenderly. And yet—

The robins flutter to the hedge,
The sparrow seeks the window ledge;
The eagle rests upon the cliff;
My place is here. But if—but if—

I watch the village lovers pass
With lingering footsteps on the grass,
And mind me once—ah, yes, I know
The sweetest dream must fade, and so—

Retribution.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

I HAVE often wandered among ruins; I may almost say that I have lived among them; but from some remarkable circumstances I will relate, the ruins of ancient Solante are indelibly fixed in my memory.

Upon the northern shore of Sicily, about five miles from Palermo, is Mount Alfano, and near it a promontory called Cape Taffarana. This is a lofty cone thickly covered with briars and thorn bushes, among which the aloes and the Indian fig tree were conspicuous.

Battered thickly about are sculptured granite and marble columns, with their ruined capitals—mostly of the Corinthian order—noble debris of the ancient City of Solante, one of the most noble and warlike cities of the past.

Thither to-day the shepherds lead their flocks, and there the fishermen dry their nets; while their homes are at the foot of the mountain, where the little cabins are reflected in the azure waters of the gulf.

In this village lived Michelina Montallo, the only support of an aged and infirm mother, and of a younger sister, an invalid from birth.

Michelina, though young herself, was large and strong, and her features were rather noble than regular. To have seen her on a fete day, her dark locks gracefully flowing, save where a silver needle with its airy filigree confined them; her petticoat of scarlet stuff and her bodice of black velvet—to have seen the brown health tint of her countenance, its pure Grecian profile and her rich coral lips, a poet would certainly not have compared her to Venus, but rather to the huntress Diana.

Michelina, as each day might offer, would assist the fishermen in drawing their nets or in preparing and salting their fish. Sometimes she would go with them to Fermini, where the sardines and anchovy were an important branch of commerce.

On one of these excursions, Michelina met a young sailor, by name Damiano, but known by the surname of "l'Americain," because he had made the voyage to America, a journey seldom attempted in those times by the simple Sicilians.

Damiano arranged it so that during their working hours, he should always be near Michelina, and she innocently took care to find for herself a place near him also.

This quiet planning amused their companions and drew upon them the sarcasm of the sailors. They called them often "les deux Amants," although as yet no word of love had passed between them. It was silently understood, yet lacking the happiness of avowal.

The year had been a plentiful one for the fishermen, and Michelina returned to her home well satisfied with her gains, but troubled as she remembered Damiano.

She accused him of coldness, and she could not reconcile his silence with his constant attentions. She was dreamy and sad; she replied roughly to her mother and little sister when she replied at all; if she went out she was a long time absent; each evening she would leave her mother's cabin and remain for hours upon the seashore. Can we fancy we know of whom she was dreaming? Happy the maiden who with light heart and fancy free can enjoy that magnificent scene—there is none more enchanting in all Nature's wide domain—the sea beneath Italian skies. The stifling heat of a long summer day over; the waters till then immovable, seem to smile as they welcome the slight breathings of the refreshing breeze; while the moon in quiet loneliness scatters her rays like to a coverlet of silver.

Now may be seen moving out from the clefts of the rocks, flickering lights; advancing and retreating. Some think the sea god, torch in hand, is sallying forth from the deep caves where he has fixed his dwelling.

Very soon another light from another point advances over against the first; then others present themselves and gladden upon the surface of the waters—truly a magnificent tableau when the waves are illuminated at once, by both celestial and terrestrial fires.

But in reality, these torches belong to the fishermen's boats; for in the beautiful summer nights they are searching for certain kinds of shell fish.

Michelina was wandering one evening, as she was accustomed to do, upon the lonely strand of Cape Taffarana, wrapt in her own sad thoughts, when her attention was attracted by the strange movements of one of these wandering fires.

It was evident to her experienced eye that it was not the bark of a fisherman—the torch seemed to approach the shore, and then it suddenly vanished, appearing no more that evening.

She returned to her mother's cabin. If possible more troubled and preoccupied than before; and an event of so little importance became to her an inexhaustible subject for thought. But she dreamed of her love and hastened, as the next evening drew on, to her accustomed place upon the shore.

As if in answer to her anxious heart, the light appeared again, and now she knew it was not the fisherman's signal. It took, moreover, the same direction as the previous evening and was nearing the place where she was sitting.

It approached the rocks which border and guard Solante; then suddenly palling, entirely disappeared.

An exclamation of disappointment escaped her, when O surprise! O happiness! a voice replied to her, a well-known voice, which was singing a barcarole familiar to Damiano, and the night wind bore to her ear this sweet refrain:

"Glide swiftly on my little bark,
And bear me to my love."

It was he—the young sailor, whom in the depths of her heart she loved dearer than all the world; but what chance! what fortune had brought him there?

She would have called, she would have questioned; but a feeling of fear and maiden modesty restrained her. She tried to conceal herself, but all in vain. Damiano had heard her voice. He had turned his boat to the shore and was coming nearer and nearer.

She did not call by name the object of her love, but sweetly chanted the same refrain. Then startled at her own audacity, she strove to hide herself behind the shelving rocks. Vain precaution! for the happy Damiano had moored his boat and leaped upon the shore, and was soon standing beside her.

It seems, sometimes, that heart answers to heart more responsively amid such rural scenes—there seems more simplicity—more sincerity.

"Michelina," said the young sailor, "since your departure I have no more the same desire to work; I neglect my nets; I pass whole days lounging beside my cabin door, with folded arms; and it is of you alone I am thinking. At night I sleep not or if I sleep it is that I may dream of you—and so I have resolved to come and frankly tell you how I love you. Last night, I cannot tell what strange fear seized me, and perhaps had I not heard your voice to-night, it might have been the same. You know I have not riches, Michelina, but for you I can work with all the ardor of my soul."

Notwithstanding the fulness of her joy, the young maiden was for a little while, shy, reserved, perhaps coquettish; but her heart soon prevailed; and she avowed that since their first meeting she, too, dearly loved him; and then, after a thousand protestations of eternal fidelity, they vowed with none but the bright moon and quiet stars to witness, that for each other they would live, and for each other, if need be, die.

The next day Michelina made known to her mother all that had taken place, and she knowing no will but that of this dear child, cheerfully gave her consent.

Then Damiano came, and in the prospect of their marriage there was great joy in these two poor families. Antonio, his elder brother, lived at Naples, and he came to assist at the nuptials.

Not an evening passed during this time of waiting, but Damiano, in his little boat, might have been seen working his course along the beach until he reached the rock beneath the shade of which he had told his love; while Michelina, waiting impatiently for his coming, was going over in her simple loving heart this formula:

"I see him descending the bank; he has entered his boat; he is plying the oars; he has passed the shelving rocks; he has doubled the cape; and now he is here! and never had he failed her."

Two weeks had passed and in eight days more would be the wedding, as soon as Antonio should come from Naples.

He was four years the elder, but strikingly like his brother. A forehead somewhat higher and eyes more deeply set, and in his air and manner a hardness and roughness never seen in Damiano.

Since his coming they had added a sail

to the boat, and together every evening now they rounded Cape Taffarana.

Then while "les deux Amants," in low voices, were forming for the future a thousand pleasant projects, and disputing sometimes for the kisses playfully refused, but always given, Antonio, reclined in the boat, smoking tranquilly his pipe, his peaceful thoughts wandering at will in sweet content,—so thought Damiano and Michelina, as they would sometimes banter with light rivalry their "complacent brother, for they were very far from suspecting the truth.

Like the dark lizard trailing along the rocks and among the thick bushes Antonio was stealing stealthily along a witness to the innocent expressions of their deep love. Ardent and jealous in spirit, and fearing to be surprised in that equivocal position he tried to stiffen almost the beatings of his own heart; but his heart revolted at this bondage.

Scarcely had he seen Michelina before he knew that he also loved her; but the germ of an impossible love had been planted, and his efforts to uproot it were now unavailing!

Each morning he would feel remorse, but at evening all his courageous determination would vanish, and the cold sweat start from his brow, as he would listen to his brother's bright hopes and loving anticipations.

The Sicilians are a brave and generous people, but their passions are of so violent and explosive a nature, that it is impossible to anticipate the deeds which are the result of instantaneous anger.

One evening, as the two brothers were about to embark for Fermini, Damiano stood for a long time gazing toward the horizon, where clouds of a deep dark blue were gathering, and pointed out to Antonio a large flock of petrel and other sea birds rising upon their white wings and menacing toward the shore.

"I think," said he, "that we had better not venture to Solente to-night; Michelina cannot be offended, for she will know that the threatening storm has detained us. Let us return, and while we are repairing our nets, I will tell you some of the wonderful stories of my long voyage to America."

"And so you are afraid, my noble American!" replied Antonio in a taunting tone. "You are not worthy of the love that Michelina gives you. Were she but mine, no storms would make me falter; and if a boat was wanting, how quickly would I leap into the sea and swim to her, rather than lose one promised meeting."

"But the future as well as the present claims my thought," replied Damiano, "and since I have loved Michelina, life has seemed to me so precious that I fear to endanger it; it is so sweet to be loved by that angel—it would be so sad were we so soon to be separated."

And thus, without dreaming, he was driving the envious nail still deeper into his brother's heart.

It is not likely that Antonio had really planned in his thoughts the fratricidal crime; but he was cherishing the vague hope that in some way this insurmountable perplexity would be ended.

If he himself should perish all his troubles would be over; if Damiano only, it would have been the arm of Providence which removed the barrier that came between him and the object of his adoration; and so he determined that they should that evening take their accustomed daily journey.

For about an hour they made little progress—the wind was pressing them hard upon the side, and they were exerting every force to avoid the dangers which bordered the shore.

The darkness increased rapidly; the wild roaring of the waves became more and more fearful, and the sea was covered with those flakes of foam which betoken storms and which the sailors call "moutons," because they are scattered upon the dark surface of the agitated waters like white sheep feeding on a prairie.

And now the muttering, but still distant thunder came nearer and nearer; the huge waves threatened to engulf the frail shell in which two audacious creatures were striving vainly against the combined elements. Borne rapidly to a prodigious height and falling as suddenly into the yawning gulf, then rising only to be entombed again.

Damiano was striving to guide the helm, while his brother was holding the oars; but both were silent—the one thinking of Michelina, and invoking the Holy Virgin and all the saints in paradise to leave him yet a few years if for her dear sake only, and pledging in return for his life, large gifts to the Madonna. The other was tormented by all the furies of the infernal regions, and with the increasing danger, a wilder, fiercer hope filled his breast.

It was the moment of the greatest peril—a billow, in dashing against them, had broken an oar, and while Antonio was endeavoring to find the extent of the injury, he heard a piercing cry, and turning, saw that the wave had washed Damiano overboard. With every energy of a drowning man he strove to cling to the boat, calling piteously on his brother for help.

But he base murderer, drew back his head, saying in his perfidious soul: "Great God! and is thy will so soon accomplished?"

And then, to make more sure, with one blow of the broken oar his victim's doom was sealed.

The tempest tossed wave received his last sad cry to her bosom, and as though the terrible truth had dawned upon him, the voice of the thunder seemed to repeat in the wild echoes of the storm—"Antonio, curses on you!"

A month had passed since the terrible catastrophe.

The friends of Damiano had approached Antonio with consoling words, which he had seemed to receive with thankfulness.

In the meantime, the fishermen had found the body of Damiano with marks of blows upon it, and the rumor soon spread that Antonio knew more about his brother's death than he cared to make known.

The incoherence of his words strengthened their suspicions. His society was shunned, and soon, alarmed at the well-founded mutterings of the public voice, Antonio disappeared.

It was supposed that he had gone to Lipari, an island not far distant.

So after a little while, this strange occurrence was forgotten in Fermini.

But not so with the waiting Michelina. Each evening, with disheveled locks and naked feet, she might have been seen climbing the rocky slopes of Mount Alfano and with wandering gaze searching far and near for her lover's bark, for which she had so long been waiting; then rushing down she would wander along the deserted shore piteously wailing "Alas! alas! Damiano! Sometimes adding "The base deceivers tell me he is dead—as if he could die when I am waiting for him."

The children fled at her approach, fearing that the poor crazy maiden would throw them into the sea.

Incapable of providing for herself since the day when she had lost her lover, Michelina had seen her mother dying with grief, her sister removed to a hospital in Palermo, and she herself was living only on charity.

The author of all this trouble, the criminal Antonio, had thought it safe that considerable time should elapse before carrying out his infamous design.

From time to time he would go to Solante, where he was unknown, seeking tidings of Michelina.

Once he even followed her along the shore and witnessed the heart-rending scene we have described, and this even, he planned, would aid him in accomplishing his wishes.

With this in view, he set out one day from Lipari in time to arrive just at evening upon the beach at Solante.

He had dressed himself in his brother's garments, to heighten as much as possible, the natural resemblance, and had taken with him Nino, a young peasant boy, upon whose fidelity and assistance he could depend, as his design was to carry away Michelina to the lonely island he had made his home.

Arriving at the shore, he waited for her coming.

"Alas! alas! Damiano!" at that moment cried out the wandering maiden, "Michelina," said the false Antonio, as he sprang from the boat, "I have come, Michelina."

A deep silence followed these words; and then Michelina answered:

"Why were you so long in coming? Do you no longer love me?"

"Yes; my beautiful Michelina. I have come to take you to my cabin. Will you follow me?"

"Do I not wish to follow you, dear Damiano," and she sprang lightly into the boat.

While Antonio was arranging the sail, Michelina threw herself into his arms, wildly questioning:

"Damiano where are we going?"

"To my cabin," replied Antonio.

"No, that is not your home," said Michelina. "You are no longer of this world—and now I know it. Your home is in the depths of the sea; but I shall never leave you more. Now all is over."

And saying these words, she folded him more closely in her strong arms.

The unearthly grasp of the maniac was not to be shaken off, and the little boat, left without guidance, was in danger of going over.

In that moment of despair, rang out from the base heart of Antonio:

"Look, Michelina! I am not Damiano; I am Antonio. In the name of heaven, Nino, to my rescue!" But entreaties were in vain.

At that moment the boat overturned, and the wild maiden and her false lover were floating on the waves.

Upon the morrow a sailor found the boy Nino almost dead with fear and exposure, clinging to a tattered sail, and Michelina and Antonio—the false and the true locked in each other's arms, and in the arms of death, were washed upon the rocky shore, and laid together in their last long sleep.

F. A. MITCHELL.

A LOVE'S LIFE.

BY J. HOBBS.

'Twas Spring-time of the day and year;
Clouds of white fragrance hid the thorn;
My heart unto her heart drew near,
And, ere the dew had fled the morn,
Sweet Love was born.

An August noon, an hour of bliss
That stands amid my hours alone,
A word, a look, then—ah, that kiss!
Joy's veil was rent, her secret known,
Love was full grown.

And now, this drear November eve,
What has to day seen done, heard said?
It boots not; who has tears to grieve
For that last leaf you too has shed,
Or for Love dead?

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF LOVE,"
"MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC.,
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

It will be enough to break her heart," he thought. "How will she bear it?" And then his thoughts reverted to the younger sister, and again his suspicion returned as to the attachment between Sir Lawrence and her. "How strangely events turn out!" his meditations ran. "If it had not been for the mere accident of that fellow stealing the ring entangled in Bertha Dalton's dress, this abominable plot might never have been unravelled, and my noble boy might never have been able to claim his own. Heaven bless him!" He turned once more towards the fire, and resumed his seat opposite Mr. Thomson.

"Is this unfortunate woman, Sedley's wife, likely to recover?" he asked.

"I believe the case is not considered hopeless, my lord," Mr. Thomson replied.

"About this opal ring—is it known what has become of it—who stole it the second time?" Lord Alphonso inquired.

"Mrs. Sedley, knowing where it was to be found from Miss Bertha Dalton having called upon her, got possession of it in order that she might have some proof to lay before you, should she be compelled to turn against her husband. It appears she threatened him with this. She has made full confession before a magistrate. The ring is now in the hands of the police. It will, of course, be restored to you," said Mr. Thomson.

"I am glad it will be restored to the family," Lord Alphonso remarked. "One thing puzzled me," he added, after another pause. "I never could get a satisfactory explanation from this man Sedley why the proofs were not brought forward sooner—why I was not made acquainted with the fact years ago that my boy had left a legitimate son. I do not wonder now that he could give me no information on that point, can you?"

"No, my lord," Mr. Thomson returned. "I have not seen Mr. St. Lawrence—Mr. Fancourt, as we must now call him—nor communicated with him. Riggs has been my informant throughout. He came to me this morning with the news of the discovery and arrest, and I hastened here at once."

"I am much obliged to you," said the Earl; adding, "You do not know then, probably, why my grandson took the name of St. Lawrence?"

"My lord, I know nothing whatever of him," replied Mr. Thomson, as if afraid of again compromising himself. "And now, if you have no commands for me, I must beg you to excuse me—I have rather an important appointment."

"Pray do not let me detain you," said Lord Alphonso. "I think no more can be said at present. I must see my grandson, and I will then communicate with you."

"And may I hope, my lord," said Mr. Thomson, bowing, "that you will forgive me for having most inadvertently led you into so grievous an error?"

"Certainly—certainly," Lord Alphonso returned, holding out his hand. "I am very thankful this notorious plot has been discovered before further entanglements took place. Good morning."

When the lawyer had taken his departure, Lord Alphonso rang the bell, and inquired if Sir Stephen Langley had returned. Being answered in the affirmative, he sent the servant to request Sir Stephen to join him in the library. The two were closeted for about an hour, at the end of which time the brougham was ordered round, and Sir Stephen was driven off to Ivy Cottage, the task of making the painful disclosure seeming most fully to devolve upon him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS DALTON had been expecting Sir Stephen and Lady Langley to call, but it caused her no surprise when Sir Stephen appeared by himself. She knew Lady Langley liked to accomplish as much as she could in the way of shopping and sight-seeing during her infrequent visits to town, and perhaps was not altogether sorry to postpone an interview with the

lady until the marriage ceremony having been performed, any expostulation would be useless.

Nor did Sir Stephen's grave face and serious manner alarm her. She was quite aware that her future son-in-law was no greater favorite with the Langleys than with Lord Alphonso, and that it was with an ill grace Sir Stephen was prepared to act the parental part and give Lena away.

Mrs. Dalton sat in her usual seat, Sir Stephen placing himself opposite to her. Something in the old knight's manner, now that she began to notice it more closely, made her uncomfortable; she fancied he was going to lecture her, as he had done upon previous occasions. She scarcely knew how to begin the conversation, feeling as though she were about to pull the string of a shower-bath without exactly knowing what the result would be. Sir Stephen also for once in his life felt somewhat embarrassed.

"I am afraid," he began, "that what I have come to tell you will cause great distress; but it must be told. I wish, my dear madam, I could now feel assured that Madeline's affections are not set on this marriage; yet only yesterday, when we came up to town, I'd have given a good deal to know that they were."

"What has happened, Sir Stephen?" cried the poor lady, thoroughly frightened. "What is it you are going to tell me? Surely not that Lord Alphonso has withdrawn his consent? Or has Mr. Fancourt—no, he would not think of breaking off—he is so very much in love with Lena?"

Mrs. Dalton's voice began to quiver. Sir Stephen really pitied her, though he had never felt any great respect for his friend's widow.

"If the engagement has to be broken, it is by no act of Lord Alphonso's, I assure you, Mrs. Dalton. I asked the question about the real state of Lena's affections because it will be well if the separation from her be trothed, which has now become necessary, will not be so great a grief to her as might have been feared."

"Separation—necessary!" gasped Mrs. Dalton. "What can you mean, Sir Stephen?"

"The man who called himself Fancourt has proved an imposter," Sir Stephen replied. "He is not Lord Alphonso's grandson."

Mrs. Dalton gave a little shriek. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Fancourt is not Mr. Fancourt?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the villain, to come here and propose to my poor Lena! And now—oh, what shall we do! And the very wedding breakfast ordered!"

Mrs. Dalton fairly wrung her hands, she was so totally unprepared for such a revelation. If it had been any one else who had told her, she would have refused to believe; but she knew too well the character of her informant to doubt his word, or to imagine for a moment that he would come to her with such a story unless on good foundation.

"You know how truly sorry Lady Langley and I were that this engagement should have taken place," said Sir Stephen; "and now certainly poor Lena is placed in a most painful position. But I hope, when you know all, you will at least feel thankful that matters have gone no farther. The real name of this scoundrel is Sedley, and he is already a married man."

Again Mrs. Dalton shrieked. "It is dreadful—dreadful!" she cried. "Oh, my poor, precious Lena—it will be enough to kill her! I think it will kill me!"

It was only the wholesome awe she felt of Sir Stephen Langley that saved her from hysterics. She gulped down the rising sob, placing her handkerchief to her eyes. Sir Stephen regarded her compassionately; but what could he say or do? In his heart he could not feel sorry that the marriage was put an end to, painful as were the circumstances.

"But Lord Alphonso believed Mr. Fancourt—or whoever he is—to be his grandson," said Mrs. Dalton, withdrawing her handkerchief.

"Yes, he did; and sorry enough he was to be obliged to own him," returned the knight. "It was only this morning that he was undeceived—that the real heir was discovered, whom the rascal had supplanted by means of robbery."

Mrs. Dalton became more and more distressed as she had time to take it all in. Her tears became uncontrollable. All the brilliant prospects in which she had indulged faded away. What could she say to her friends? What would become of Lena? It was too hard to bear.

"You are acquainted with the young man who is the real Mr. Fancourt," said Sir Stephen, striving to turn his companion's mind from the contemplation of her woes.

Mrs. Dalton made no reply. She took no interest; she was too much crushed.

"You have hitherto known him under the name of St. Lawrence," Sir Stephen continued.

"St. Lawrence!" exclaimed the poor lady, with returning animation, her cheeks flushing. "Then everybody is turning out to be somebody else! How is one to know? Are you sure, Sir Stephen?"

"Yes, we are sure this time," Sir Stephen

answered, surprised by the sudden change in her manner.

"Well, I always liked Mr. St. Lawrence; I always said there was something distinguished about him. Perhaps things mayn't be so very bad after all," she went on, drying her eyes as a bright idea struck her.

A sort of grim smile passed across Sir Stephen's face. "The woman is a fool," he said to himself. Mrs. Dalton became confidential, thinking the smile was caused by an idea answering to that in her own mind.

"I don't mind telling you, Sir Stephen, being such an old friend of the family," she said, smoothing the folds of her dress, "but I am quite sure Mr. St. Lawrence admires Lena. He would not own to it when I spoke to him—you see I thought it only kind to warn him—but then of course he couldn't propose. Now it will be quite different, and the trousseau all ready, and everything."

Sir Stephen thought to himself that in the course of his life he had met with some as worldly as Mrs. Dalton, but with none so silly. Her utter foolishness disarmed him; it seemed scarcely necessary to reply seriously to her argument, and yet he could not quite let it pass.

"I know nothing of Mr. St. Lawrence's sentiments," he said. "I can well understand that in Lena's case the position was a greater attraction than the man Sedley, and it is well, as she will suffer less; but that she will allow herself to be transferred like a shuttlecock in that way I should be sorry to believe of any woman."

Mrs. Dalton felt the tone of reproof, though she altogether failed to understand in what respect she had displeased her companion. She shed a few tears again.

"But there was no fiction," she said, "so there couldn't be any to transfer. And don't you see it would be such a good arrangement—everything could go on just as if nothing had happened."

"Make such an arrangement then by all means," Sir Stephen returned, rising from his seat, now really angry; "if such is to be the termination of the case, any commiseration or sympathy I may have been inclined to feel would be quite misplaced. Marry Lena to the present Mr. Fancourt if you can, but don't ask me to give her away. I wish my hands of the affair altogether. I wish you good morning. Give my love to little Bertha, and under the circumstances the sooner you let her come to the Larches the better."

So saying, the old sailor departed in a huff, leaving Mrs. Dalton utterly discomfited. There was everything upset for Lena, and Sir Stephen Langley was displeased—she could not tell why—and perhaps Lord Alphonso would be displeased too—as if she had been in fault in any way! Sir Stephen had said that the man calling himself Fancourt was an imposter and a bad man, and he had been from the first opposed to the marriage, and yet now he was angry because Lena had not loved him; it was too unreasonable, Mrs. Dalton argued with herself. Lena was to have married Lord Alphonso's grandson, and, if the grandson turned out to be a nicer person than they expected, it was surely all the better for Lena.

She could not make out where the objection could be; her head was giddy. She sat leaning on her hand, unable to see her way quite clearly, but feeling as if everything had got topsy-turvy, and she was called up on to set matters straight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARRIVED at the station, Eliza led her two companions for some little distance along the high-road, then along a less frequented road, and finally down a lane bordered on each side by high hedges and tall elms. The mist hung thick over the landscape, the fallen leaves were sodden under foot, the summer glory was gone from copse and meadow.

"I wish we hadn't come," said Lena, shivering. "It's very disagreeable."

Bertha did not speak. Her imagination was too busy with speculations as to what might await them at their journey's end.

They soon reached the cottage, and Eliza opened the door. They were ushered into the room above the parlor; a comfortable looking woman in clean white cap and apron stood beside the bed on which the invalid lay. Twenty-four hours of illness of body and anguish of mind had made sad havoc with Julie Lemont. A look of recognition came into her face as Bertha entered.

"Ah," she said, in a feeble voice, speaking with difficulty, "we have met before. Do you not remember?"

If it had not been that she had heard the woman's name, and but for her association with the ring, Bertha would have failed to recognize in the deathlike object before her the handsome, showy woman she had seen in Westbourne Grove; but, with this clue, she knew it must be the same.

"Yes, I remember. I am sorry to see you so ill," she said, kindly.

Mrs. Lemont turned to the nurse.

"Leave us—you need not be afraid that I shall get away," she said, with a ghastly smile. "I want to speak to these young ladies alone."

"She takes on fainting all of a sudden," remarked the nurse, hesitatingly. "The

doctor said she wasn't to be left for a minute."

"Perhaps, if you wouldn't mind going in to an adjoining room, I could call you, if necessary," Bertha suggested.

"Very well, miss," the nurse replied, taking confidence in Bertha's look and manner: "I'll go into the room at the other side of the passage. I shan't hear what's said; and, if I'm wanted, just ring the hand-bell, please—I shall understand."

Satisfied with the arrangement, she went away. Eliza had retired immediately upon showing the young ladies into the room.

When she had gone Mrs. Lemont told her story. That the false Fancourt was her husband; how he had attempted to poison her, and her own part in the miserable plot. What a revelation it was to the proud, high-strung, petted beauty!

For a time she managed to maintain composure, but the effort was too much for her. She had to break down at last.

"There is nothing now for me in this world," she wildly sobbed. "Nothing more for me in this world—nothing!"

At this point, overcome by weakness and excitement, Mrs. Lemont fainted.

"Heav!" said Bertha. "I hear some one coming."

It was the nurse. She opened the door softly and rushed to her mistress.

Bertha gladly seized the opportunity of getting Lena away. Bidding the nurse good evening, she left her address, in case she could be of any use, and led the way out, breathing more freely when they were once beyond the gate.

It was a dismal walk back to the station. Fortunately they had not long to wait for a train, and the bustle consequent upon a journey home roused Lena, and helped to restore her self-possession better than anything else could have done.

On the day previous to the visit of Lena and Bertha to Mrs. Lemont St. Lawrence received a note from Mr. Riggs soon after Lord Alphonso left him, which in some degree lightened his anxiety. It assured him that all would be divulged in time to stop the marriage, so that a premature disclosure would be unnecessary. And so it was.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he received a message from Lord Alphonso, desiring his immediate presence in Magnus Square; and then, at last, he felt himself quite secure.

Lord Alphonso received him in the library, where hung the portrait of Eustace Fancourt, his father. When the door closed upon him, Lord Alphonso came eagerly forward, but, unable to speak, he passed his arm round his grandson's shoulder, and wept. Eustace was scarcely less affected—he clasped the old man's hand.

"God bless you, my dear boy!" faltered the Earl, while, raising his head, he placed his hand on the young man's shoulder, and held him at arm's length. "Yes, the likeness is even greater than I thought at first," he said. "But there is more of strength in the face more of self-reliance. A happier future lies before you, I hope and trust. Sit down. Eustace—we have much to talk over together."

A long colloquy then followed, deeply interesting to them both. In answer to Lord Alphonso's question as to why the proofs had not been brought forward sooner, Eustace said that he could give no positive information—he had never been taken into his mother's confidence—and that, from some hints that had been dropped—chiefly, he confessed, by his cousin Sedley—he had been afraid to attempt to prove the question of his legitimacy.

"I think now that probably my mother felt sore that her husband's relatives never acknowledged her, having no idea he had kept his marriage secret," he said. "She was a woman who held strongly to any prejudice she had once formed, and she was a staunch republican. I can suppose she dreaded that I might be taken from her by my English relatives, and brought up in a different sphere from her own. No doubt with a view to the future, however, she was always desirous I should obtain the utmost culture; and, after I left college, she sent me to travel for some years in Europe. I returned to America when I was warned that her health was failing; and she died a few days after my arrival. When she felt the end drawing near, she told me for the first time about my father's family, and placed the box containing the proofs in my hands, charging me not to open it till I reached England, and then to bring the contents at once to you. How I was robbed on the way during a severe attack of illness you already know. Lemont was assiduous in his attendance upon me. I took it for kind heartedness then, and was glad to reward him as far as lay in my power, but it seems now he had another motive."

"Did you know this Lemont at all?" Lord Alphonso asked.

"No; I had never seen him till we met on board—nor did I hear his name, as in the ship he was called Pierre; but, when Bertha Dalton described him, I recognized the man at once," Eustace replied.

"You were not aware that your cousin was married till Riggs told you, I think you said?" Lord Alphonso questioned.

"No; I had no idea of it," Eustace replied. "I remember Julie Lemont—she was

a sort of survey government in a family residing in the same town with us; a kind of survey done girl I thought her at the time. My camp of a cousin tried to entangle me with her in several of our quarrels. It was one of the first causes of our quarrel. I did not know till now that he had married her."

From the past they drifted into talking of future plans, and Easton, not wishing to have any secrets from his grandfather, told him of his engagement to Bertha Dalton.

It was more than pleased, and after this they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. Lord Alphonse felt as if his long journey had been rewarded to him, and St. Lawrence's happiness was made complete by feeling in him who was now to stand in the paternal relation to him, one whom he could so thoroughly respect and love.

Little remains to be added. As Lord Alphonse's heir St. Lawrence could not but be acceptable to Mrs. Dalton. Thus his marriage with Bertha was to be speedily consummated.

The tale of Bertha and of Mrs. Lamont and her brother Peter, came on. The former was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and the latter to seven years' term. After the expiration of the woman's sentence St. Lawrence, for we will still call him so, sailed her back to Canada and saw that she was comfortably provided for.

Lena Dalton, after her terrible escape, recovered slowly, but the bright tones of her beauty were dimmed. She moved about with an air of sadness, and the ghost of her former self.

The doctor recommended change of scene and a warmer climate for the winter, and Mrs. Dalton was glad to get away from the inquiries and condolences of her "dear friends." It was agreed to start up by Coleridge and proceed to Italy, leaving old Martin with them. Bertha wished to accompany them, not believing that Lena would recover strength or tranquillity of spirit if left alone with her mother, who was continually harassing her with regrets, not to say reproaches. Not only Easton, however, but Lord Alphonse and the Langleys set their faces sternly against this arrangement, and Bertha was obliged to yield.

It happened that the daughter of the estate of the Langleys, to Alphonse was seeking for some occupation. Kate Medhurst was a great favorite with Lady Langley; she had often wanted for the girl, who was now four and twenty, a more extended experience of the world and an opportunity of cultivating the taste for art which she decidedly possessed. A bright idea struck Lady Langley. Kate Medhurst should accompany Mrs. Dalton and Lena to Rome. She was not only a thoroughly sensible and intelligent, but a lively and energetic girl, who would not fail to exercise a beneficial influence over Lena.

The arrangement satisfied all parties. Mrs. Medhurst was glad to go, on condition of having her expenses paid and being treated as one of the family; and Mrs. Dalton was charmed with the idea of having some one who, like Bertha, would take all trouble off her hands.

Bertha was married the day before Mrs. Dalton left England. At her particular desire the wedding was a very quiet affair; and wished to have no grand preparations that would recall the past. On their return to the house after the ceremony, Lord Alphonse placed the opal ring on the finger of the bride.

"The prophecy has come true," he said; "and never has the ring been worn by one more worthy to become Countess of Alphonse."

"That will not be for many, many years yet, I trust," Bertha returned, touching with her lips the venerable hand that held hers.

"All in Heaven's good time, my love," said the Earl. "But if it be the will of Providence, I shall be glad to be spared a while to witness the happiness of my children."

He took Lena's hand, and, joining it to Bertha's, pressed them both within his own with a fervent blessing. Sir Stephen Langley cleared his throat, and for a minute appeared to have something in his eye. He felt toward Bertha Fancourt, as she was now to be called, very much as if she had been a daughter of his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Fancourt, after a short tour, went to stay at Alphonse Park till after Christmas; they then went northwards to another seat belonging to the Earl, but which was now to be their own country home till the season commenced, by which time the house in Margate Square was to be ready for their reception.

Any one wishing for admittance there would have met the face of an old friend. The situation of hall porter becoming vacant, Perkins, at Mr. Riggs's request, was promoted to the post. It is perhaps needless to say that he filled it with much self-satisfaction. He looked upon Riggs as a wonderful man and held no grudge against him, but he had received a less and was careful in the future how he became confidential over a glass of whiskey and water.

The Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Fancourt had not yet returned to town when news arrived from Rome. Douglas had written warm congratulations both to Easton and Bertha, and from subsequent letters they

performed that he had quite recovered his spirits. Now he was going to take them by surprise, he said. He was about to be married. He had first been attracted to Kate Medhurst from a fancied resemblance to Bertha, but had soon learned to love her for herself. He had been working steadily during the winter and making money, and the want of fortune with his bride would be no drawback; she was worth her weight in gold herself, the enthusiastic bridegroom elect averred. Mrs. Medhurst would return to England with Mrs. Dalton and Lena in the spring, and he would shortly follow, when he hoped a happy reunion awaited them all.

"How glad I am!" Bertha exclaimed. "I think it was the only thing wanting to make my happiness complete."

"How jealous I was once," Easton said, kissing his wife fondly. "When I was afraid the prophecy would be true! But now all has turned out well for Douglas has found the right woman, it seems, and my Bertha wears the opal ring."

(THE END)

The Thug Decoy.

BY JAMES F. CAMPBELL.

ALL have heard of the murderous Thugs of India.

The sons of Thugs were trained to the business from their earliest youth. At first they were not allowed to be present at the death scene of the victims. They were kept at a distance while the struggling was on, but were granted a share of the plunder to whet their appetite. The general principle was to leave the victim into security, a male or female Thug was deputed for this purpose, and directed to kill him in perfect repose; then, at a chosen moment, to throw a cord or handkerchief round his neck, when the confederates rushed in and dispatched him. The Thugs disliked to shed blood. They strangled their victims, robbed them, and dug a grave. Before placing the body in the grave, however, they placed it under the arms, and let the blood run into the hole; as otherwise, in that climate, the corpse might swell, and cause fissures in the ear which would have attracted dogs and jackals to the spot.

The office of strangler was the highest dignity among the Thugs. A man sometimes served years before attaining this distinction; but women occasionally obtained it.

It was in the early part of the century that a young Englishman departed from Calcutta for a journey into the northern regions of Hindostan. He was a man of fortune—sprung from a high family in England—was traveling solely in order to enlarge his mind. He left Calcutta with the best letters from the Government, and had, as is usual in India, a large retinue of servants and cattle.

He had not been two days gone when he fell in with a beautiful Hindoo girl, traveling alone in the same direction as himself. On inquiry he found that she was much terrified at the idea of performing the journey alone, and would be at really grateful if the Englishman would allow her to follow in the wake of his party. She was so gentle, so pretty, and so defenceless, that the stranger offered her one of his horses and a place at his table. He was struck by her beauty; her large black eyes gazed at him with such tenderness and melancholy that he began to wish she were white or he bronzed. She rode beside him and taught him her native tongue. He could not separate from her. She soon became the virtual chief of the caravan.

Only Azim, the Englishman's body servant, viewed the fair stranger with distrust. He warned his master against her, and more by signs—by passing his hand rapidly across his throat—than by words, intimated that no good was to come of their acquaintance. To all which the Englishman replied, scoffingly, that he was well able to take care of himself.

They had traveled together for three or four days, and the Englishman was positively enamored of the fair Hindoo. They were sitting under the shade of a banyan tree in the cool of the evening; Runa—the lady—was singing a plaintive song; and the Englishman, intoxicated with the magic of the scene and the delight of her society, was lounging idly by her side, with one of her small hands in his, when suddenly Azim shouted, or rather screamed. His master called:

"What's the matter?"

"Look there—down there!" cried Runa, pointing in the direction of the forest.

The Englishman turned to look, and strained his eyes to see. At that moment he felt round his throat a cord, which was drawn tighter and tighter, till he lost consciousness. His last recollection was of that same soft, small hand which he had so tenderly pressed, being thrust against the back of his neck with unwomanly strength, in order to draw the cord tighter. The operation was so rapid—that before he could utter a cry or move a muscle he was powerless.

When he came to his senses he was lying—alone—at the bottom of a deep quarry or pitfall. He rose, and stood up; his limbs were whole. He had a painful sensation

around the neck, which reminded him of the cord; and under one of his armpits he felt a sore place, which, on examination, proved to be a wound from a pointed arrow. He drew a long breath without pain, however, and then satisfied himself that the weapons had not penetrated a vital part. He felt other bruises and sprains, but they were trifling to one so accustomed to athletic exercises. While he was occupied in ascertaining the extent of his injuries, he heard a voice above call him—

"Master, master!"

"Hallo!" he cried. "Is that you Azim? Get me out of this hole!"

A shout of delight was the reply, and in a trice a rope was lowered, and the Englishman stood on the brink of the pitfall, which, it must be confessed, looked ugly enough when viewed from above.

Azim quickly told his story. The caravan had been attacked by a band of Thugs, to whom the fair Runa had served as decoy. When the Englishman was strangled, the Thugs fell upon the servants, some of whom were murdered where they stood, while others, and among these Azim, had prudently fled to a place of refuge. All the baggage had been carried off, and the Thugs had made a good thing of it. How they had allowed the Englishman to escape was wonderful; they invariably dig a pitfall and bury their victims to avoid detection.

"They had better have buried me," said the Englishman, with a grim smile.

Azim showed his white teeth, and followed his master to Benares, where he had friends.

There the Englishman found two English sailors, whom he engaged by the month; likewise four mountain men, stout, able-bodied fellows whose courage was wrung for by Azim. All were well armed, and each provided with a serviceable pony; and thus, taking no baggage but their weapons, they started out in search of the Thugs. The sailors and mountaineers were notified at the end of their first day's journey that they were on an expedition which might cost them their lives, but that all the plunder of the Thug camp should be theirs if they were successful. They were abundantly satisfied with these terms.

It was agreed that the Englishman was to travel in advance, with one of the sailors as his body servant, while the others were to follow at some little distance. They resolved to take the road to Delhi, as the one which travelers would be most likely to pursue.

After two days' journey, as good luck would have it, they saw by the roadside a female weeping and howling her arms about in the greatest semblance of despair. The Englishman rode up and almost leaped from his horse when he recognized the fair Runa. She, too, screamed and shuddered at the sight of him. She sprang up and tried to escape into the jungle, but the Englishman was too swift for her. She was caught and brought back. The Englishman tied her with her petticoat; she was silent. He questioned her, not a word would she utter. He threatened her; she only smiled. While the colloquy was going on, Azim rode up. Perceiving the state of the case, he very quickly made a gibbet by passing a rope over a tree. At that moment, however, they were attacked by the Thugs lying in wait two to one; but nothing could withstand the fury of the Englishman's followers. In less than one minute there was not one of the murderers standing. One tall, ferocious fellow, was lying gasping at the foot of the tree where Runa sat. He was a chief, or stranger; at the first shot he had bounded to the side of the luckless girl, and with the cry "Traitor!" had plunged his knife into her side. The next moment Azim had cut him down with a fearful sabre cut.

When morning came, the Englishman found sixteen dead bodies around him. He buried them on the spot; and the story, which he printed at the time was of service to the Government in deciding how to deal with the Thugs.

POLITENESS OF THE HEART.—Says a Frenchman: "I hope, I am as much a nineteenth century man as any; but I don't repudiate all in the past. There was both good and charming things in it and I would steal some of its graces to adorn our modern life." And the outcome of true politeness he notes in the behavior of a little boy. "One day when he was only five, his mother gave him a penny to carry to an old infirm beggar whom they met on the road. The child took the coin, and as he dropped it to the outstretched hand he raised his eye. Thanks to him, we can complete thought and say, 'Politeness is like great thought; it comes from the heart.'"

"Your mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are traveling the border land, frontier between the paradise of faith and the Arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic." "Devil a bit," said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation. "I'm a Dinnycrat, I very much of me."

Men acuteness acquire, woman are born with it.

THE TIGER.

THE common tiger of Ceylon is not greatly dreaded, but the royal tiger is a most terrific animal. The Governor presented one of the latter to the commander of our ship. It is Saigona, whose name is "dog cheap," we used to give the tigers one every day. They were thrown alive into the cage, when, after playing with her victim for awhile, as a cat does with a mouse, her eyes would begin to glaze, and her tail to vibrate, which were the immediate precursors of death to the devoted little prisoner, which was invariably seized by the back of the neck, the fingers of the ungainly beast performing the jugular arteries, while she would traverse the cage, which she lashed with her tail, and sucked the blood of her prey, which hung suspended from her mouth.

One day, a puppy, not at all remarkable or distinguishable in appearance from the common herd, was thrown in, who immediately on perceiving his situation, set up a dismal yell, and attacked the terrors with great fury, snapping at her nose from which he drew some blood. The tigers appeared to be amused with the puerile rage of the puppy, and with as good humored an expression of countenance as so ferocious an animal could be supposed to assume, she affected to treat it as a play; and soon mass spreading herself at full length on her side, at others crouching in the manner of the fabled sphinx, she would ward off with her paw the incensed little animal, till he was finally exhausted. She then proceeded to caress him, endeavoring by many little acts to inspire him with confidence, in which she finally succeeded, and in a short time they lay down together and slept. From this time they were inseparable; the tigers appearing to feel for the puppy all the solicitude of a mother, and the dog, in return, treating her with the greatest affection; and a small aperture was left open in the cage, by which he had free ingress and egress. Experiments were subsequently made by presenting a strange dog as the bars of the cage, when the tigers would manifest great eagerness to get at it; her adopted child was then thrown in, on which she would eagerly pounce, but immediately discovering the cheat, she would caress it with great tenderness. The natives made several unsuccessful attempts to steal the dog from us.

The King it was stated, and some white elephants, but I never saw one in the country. Elephants are occasionally eaten, but the use of them, as well in this respect as all others, is confined to the King and nobility. While upon an excursion one day, in pursuit of some planks to repair one of our boats, we observed, before an old woman's stall, what we supposed to be turtle's blood and exposed for sale in square pieces; but our linguist told us it was crocodile or alligator, and bid us follow him, when we did, to an enclosure at the back of the building where there were about twenty of these hideous animals, from two to twelve feet in length, winking about with their jaws bound together. The method of taking them, we were told, was by placing a number of small lines in their haunts, with which they become entangled, and fall an easy prey to the hunters.

In a species of palm tree, at the top, is a succulent bud, resembling in some degree an artichoke. In the heart of this bud is generally, if not universally, an uncuous white maggot or grub as large as one's thumb, which is esteemed a great delicacy, and is a monopoly of the royal family and mandarins of the first distinction. A present of about a dozen of these buds, containing the worms, was sent us once by the Viceroy, as a mark of great consideration. It is hardly necessary to say we declined eating this delicacy. BUCKLAND

TO CATCH A FAIRY.—As from their occasional residence underground, both goblins and fairies were supposed to understand the mysteries of metals, they were frequently consulted by searchers after the philosopher's stone, who, fixed, among other accomplishments, to possess a power of invoking fairies. One of the recipes for this operation is to be found in an old work at Oxford. First, we are to get a square crystal or Venice glass, three inches in length and three inches in breadth. This Venice glass is to be laid for three successive Fridays or three successive Wednesdays in the blood of a white hen. It is then to be taken out, washed in holy water, fumigated and carefully put away for the present. We are then directed to take three hazel sticks or wands of a year's growth, and peel them, making each fit on one side and cutting them to such a length that the name of the fairy whom we have decided to invoke may be written three times on the flat side of each stick. These wands are then to be buried on a Wednesday under some hill which we conceive to be the haunt of fairies. On the following Friday we may dig them up, at eight, at three, or at ten of the clock. Those who perform this charm must be of pure life and must turn their faces to the east. "And when you have her, bind her to that stone of glass." So ends the recipe.

THE CENSUS PAPER.

BY W. K. ROBERTS.

My little Olive, aged now five years
I for the census have inscribed your name;
And, when ten more years shall have played
their game
Of spring and winter, and your sixteenth years,
Mayhap I'll write you afresh. It next appears
Your twenty-sixth, you for yourself may
frame
The attested womanhood; or, if our name
Familiar surnames lapse in smiles and tears
Of courtship and of wedlock, his, the hand,
Your husband's hand, that will assume the
pen.
And link "Olive" with some name un-
guessed,
And, sweet my daughter, may the pen not
rest
Till eighty-five in weal be reached—and then
Follow your father to the untold land.

The Old Chest.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL.

FROM among the recollections of childhood—a mingled mass of pleasant associations, consisting of merry faces, favorite sports, laughable jests and interesting tales—we have succeeded in collecting the main particulars of the story of Aunt Hetty's chest, as related by an aged friend, who, many years since, followed Aunt Hetty to the home of the pilgrim.

Of the birth, nativity or pedigree of Aunt Hetty, we remember nothing at all, except that she was once a child that she grew to womanhood, was married, and became a widow when her husband fell in a great battle of '76 and afterward occupied, alone, a very humble cottage in the country.

Her tenement consisted of but two rooms and a rude attic. This she rented with the small pension which she received from the government after her husband's death, the overplus of which, with what she could earn by her daily labor in knitting, serving to afford her a tolerably comfortable livelihood.

For a long she fell sick. For a while the neighbors were thoughtful and kindly in attentions, but gradually neglected her. Then she began to suffer quite severely.

But when somehow or other it was rumored that Aunt Hetty possessed a mysterious chest which contained enormous wealth, but which her miserly disposition prevented her from using, the curiosity of three of her neighbors were excited.

There were the Mrs. Artful, and the maiden ladies, the Misses Sharpeye. They scented possible advantage in the circumstance and were extraordinarily solicitous for the old woman's comfort unto the end.

One day the eldest of the sisters had said—

"Pray, Aunt Hetty, what do you keep in that old chest? It is a handy thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, Fanny; and if that old chest could talk, it could tell wondrous tales. It has been in my family, and that of my parents for above a hundred years, and it has been entrusted with many a bag of gold, as well as other valuables. It is as safe as a bank."

"Ah, I never thought it was worth anything. I have often noticed it sitting in the corner there. But come to look at it, now, I see it is a very strong box, built of hard wood. Where's the key? Let's look into it, since it is such an antiquated concern."

"O, dear heart, I would not have it opened on any account. I regard it as a very sacred treasure. It was the last gift of my poor mother, and no one has looked into it but myself since she died, nor ever will, until I am gone; then I shall bequeath it to my best friend."

This confirmed the sisters' suspicions and they were more attentive than ever. Then one morning at breakfast the astounding news came that Aunt Hetty had been seized with a fit during the night and lay at the point of death. They hastened with all possible despatch to the house and arrived but just in time to see her breathe her last.

Big tears were shed over the remains of poor Aunt Hetty, and audible sighs followed the tender and sympathizing exclamations—"Dear, good old soul! She has gone to heaven, no doubt," and the like, from the bereaved friends, the Misses Sharpeye and Mrs. Artful, who were the only witnesses of the scene.

All that remained to be done now was the last office due to their departed friend—that of preparing her body for the burial, and consigning the clay to its native earth. This was performed jointly by the three; and the services being ended, expenses defrayed and all matters regarding the funeral settled by the kind sisters, they assembled at the house to lay claim to their bequest.

"How dreary the place looks," remarked Mrs. Artful, casting her eyes around the deserted tenement. "I shall never want to enter this house again, let who will live here."

"Nor I," said Betsey, sorrowfully. "How much we shall miss the poor old lady, she was such good company."

"Ah, yes, indeed," sighed the former. "Well, we may as well take the things away. She will want them no more. She told me they were to be divided between us three."

"Very well. Take your choice, Mrs. Artful. I do not see anything that I care much about except that old chest. It is not worth anything to any one else, only it is a kind of handy thing to have in the house. You and Fanny can divide the rest."

"That is just the reason why I was going to choose myself. I have had my eye on it for some time, and Aunt Hetty as much as said that she intended I should have it."

"Well, she told me more than that," interrupted Fanny. "she said that it was to go to her best friend contents and all. Now if that is not me, it is my sister, I am very sure."

"Come, we won't bicker about this trash any longer. You shall have the whole—everything, except the chest. Fanny is not particular, and I will be satisfied with that."

"Well—I don't mind," said Mrs. Artful, after a moment's thought. "I suppose I can do without it. I have got chests enough in the house now."

Accordingly the furniture was shortly removed to their respective residences. The ponderous chest—as much as two men could lift—being duly deposited in a snug corner that had been previously cleared for its reception, in the Misses Sharpeye's kitchen.

Mrs. Artful was quite surprised, on getting the old furniture into her house, to see how well it looked, and what a number of really useful articles there was among it.

To say the least, she was fully satisfied with her bargain. Let the Misses Sharpeye be as fortunate as they might with their prize.

Everything was calm and quiet at the residence of the sisters. They had rested themselves for an hour after the fatigue and excitement of settling the estate of poor old Aunt Hetty; the doors were all closed, and after taking a look in every direction, to be certain that no one was near Fanny began making preparations for opening the chest.

One wrench of Fanny's strong arm, and click went the bolt. Both assisted in raising the lid, which was made of thick, hard wood plank—and now for the contents.

The body of the chest was made of the same hard wood, and not a thing did it contain, save a slip of paper apparently cut from an old Bible, and pasted on the inside of the lid, which read as follows: "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The astonishment of the sisters may be imagined, but not described. The chest was relocked, and never to their dying day was either Betsey or Fanny heard to speak of its contents. No questions were asked by Mrs. Artful, either; which can be accounted for only by supposing that she must have had a sleep some time previously.

Thus ends the story of Aunt Hetty's old chest; though in all human probability it still occupies an honored seat in some quiet nook or corner somewhere. And it is not impossible that it may again serve its owner as good a purpose, as it really did Aunt Hetty in her old age.

ABOUT PRECEDENCE.—An amusing French medieval poem gives a graphic sketch of a party of ladies at the church door, deciding who shall go out first. Each hesitates, until it is discovered that the right of precedence rests with a certain old "Lady Sybille," who is still at her prayers.

She is at once disturbed at her devotions. Two ladies, some time later, had so bitter a quarrel on the question of precedence in entering church, that the Emperor Charles V. was appealed to as arbiter on the subject. He decided that the younger should yield to the elder, and after that the struggle was which should walk last. At Marie Antoinette's rising she was kept shivering for her garments, which were being passed from one lady to another until they reached the hands of the highest in rank, who alone had the right of presenting them. The second wife of Philip II. of Spain, had been yet more victimized by the rights of precedence among her attendants, being obliged to wait for such simple luxuries as a fan, until her ladies had settled who was to have the honor of preparing it.

To the affidavit concerning the qualities of Frank Siddalls Soap, in this issue of the Post, the editor of this paper gives his fullest personal endorsement. A successful use in his own household justifies him in saying it is all, and even more than it is represented. We advise everyone to try it at once.

THE STORY OF FANS.

ALTHOUGH to a foreigner the dress of the Chinese would seem the most monotonous and unvarying, and from its very shape and style not at all susceptible of much variety, yet the fact is that it does change from season to season, and some variety, however slight, is introduced almost annually. Amongst the minor appendages, fans especially are subject to the fancies of the day and of the wearer, with some strictly observed general rules of propriety to go by.

There are winter and summer fans, made of heavier or lighter materials, and larger or smaller in size in proportion to the amount of air required at the particular season they are intended to be used. It seems rather ridiculous to speak of warm and cold fans, yet in a poem by a celebrated Chinese poet the following line occurs: "In the tenth moon the people of the city turn to their fans." It is considered the height of bad taste in China to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the season.

Very few Europeans are aware that the black Chinese fans, which are imported in such numbers, are almost unobtainable amongst the better classes in the country where they are made. Indeed, no Chinese man or woman, except the most humble, would be seen with one, for the reason that they are considered emblematical of moral impurity, precisely as the purely white fan is regarded as typical of death and bereavement. All black things are avoided, on the strength of the old proverb that "proximity to vermilion makes a man red; to ink, black." So the black fans are relegated to the poorer classes, who cannot be fastidious; and to the hated foreigner, for whom nothing is considered bad enough.

There is one exception to this rule in favor of old people, who, after having lived a blameless life, are regarded as being beyond the risk of contamination by the desecrated black fan.

The height of fashion attainable on a fan is one of white silk, either round, square, or hexagonal, and decorated with paintings of flowers, birds, &c.; or, better still, inscribed with some verses from the giver. But the numbers of artists who can both write verses and paint is limited, and anyone who can do both is sure of constant employment and handsome remuneration.

For state occasions and "high days and holidays," the large non-folding feather fan is considered indispensable. Here and in Europe this kind is used as a fire-screen; but a Chinese would open his almond eyes with amazement to see it put to such a use.

But one has to go to China to become aware of all the possibilities of the fan makers' art. Such marvelous effects, such a happy blending of feathers, beetles' wings, paintings of butterflies, birds, flowers, &c., can only be seen in the country itself, and then oftentimes only as a great favor at the hands of some great man.

There is another fan made in China, which seldom finds its way out of that country, the process of manufacturing being a secret. Although made only of paper stretched over thin wattlebone or bamboo it may be left in water many hours without injury.

The greatest curiosity is, although it seems a paradox, a fan that is no fan. This is the "steel" or "bludgeon" fan, shaped to resemble a closed fan, but in reality a solid bar of steel. It is carried sometimes as a life preserver, but more often as a weapon of offence by the dangerous classes. The "dagger" fan, an invention of the Japanese, is far more elegant in appearance, often being made of the finest ebony, ivory, or lacquer, in imitation of a folding fan. But the resemblance goes no farther than the two outside pieces; it is merely a sheath for a sharp dagger of the finest steel, which shoots out on touching a hidden spring. The importation of these dangerous weapons into China has always been forbidden.

AN UNWHOLESOME LESSON.—It has become a sort of fashion to tell boys that with energy they can win for themselves any position in life that they desire. This is not true, and therefore not a wholesome lesson for them to learn. There is every variety of work in the world to be done, and every variety of talent and ability to do it. If these could be wisely fitted together, both public and private interests would be served. But, instead of this, people are forever aiming to do something beyond their power and neglecting that for which they are specially adapted, nothing but ruin can ensue. M. B.

A little girl was invited, not long since, with other children, to visit a lady who had the misfortune to be a deaf mute. She entertained the children in her own way and made the time pass very pleasantly. When they returned to their home the mother of the fair, blue-eyed four-year-old asked her what the lady said to her. The little fairy replied: "Why, mamma, she did not say anything—she had a lame mouth."

Give an example of a figure of speech—Naught set down in malice.

Scientific and Usual.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—An English scientist has utilized a brook near his home to run a dynamo-electric machine by means of a turbine water-wheel, and so manages to secure electricity enough to keep 57 lamps in a state of incandescence in his house. In this case the motive power costs nothing, and electric lighting in this way is an exceptional luxury.

FOUNDING LEADS.—The lead used in sounding from a vessel usually weighs about 14 pounds, but in deep sea soundings a weight of not less than 150 pounds is usually employed. Wire has been largely used for a line, as it makes less friction in sinking through the water. With hemp rope a sinker of 500 weight is sometimes 30 minutes in reaching the bottom in 500 feet of water, so great is the friction of the line.

SAFETY ENVELOPES.—Much has recently been said about a papering with letters. To avoid this calamity a safety envelope has been invented. On the flap of the envelope the words "Attempt to open" are printed with a double set of chemicals, the first impression containing nitric acid, and the second green vitriol. If the flap be steamed or moistened in any way, the magic printing will appear, to betray the attempt to open.

MEASURING STAR DISTANCE.—The general principle is that of triangulation. The base line may be the earth's diameter, 8,000 miles, but for a very distant star the stars, we have to take the diameter of the orbit of the earth (185,000,000) as a base line. Even that coupled with an ability to measure one hundred thousandth of an inch, does not suffice to make many stars show a difference of angle at the two ends of the base line.

CALCULATING MACHINE.—A Spanish resident of New York has been devoting his leisure hours for several years in developing a machine that will multiply and divide, and has finally succeeded. It will produce a product having fifteen figures and the factors may be of nine, or less than six figures. A turn of a small crank once for each figure in the multiplier, displays the product on a disk. The work is almost instantaneous and the accuracy is unimpeachable.

CAUSE OF ACCIDENT.—Fit dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove splinters, etc., with the round of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If any artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will of an spread burning oil, and increase the danger. If fire passing through smoke, take a fall break, and then stoop low. Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better cut out the part without delay. If the wounded part as long as can be borne to hot coal, or the end of a cigar. In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by mustard and water. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving; if in the water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

Harm and Good.

CATERPILLARS.—When caterpillars infest gooseberry bushes, they may be destroyed by watering the bush with an infusion of alum. It will kill all the caterpillars without in the least injuring the fruit.

BEES AND HENS.—It has been discovered that bees are exceedingly partial to live bees. One hundred and eighty bees were found a short time back in the crop of a hen. Beekeepers should therefore keep a sharp lookout upon their poultry.

WEEDY BUG ON PLANTS.—An English artist got rid of weedy-bugs simply by dipping plants in pots in a tub of water, the head downward. Turpentine or other remedy of severe character is dangerous, and if used at all should be in very weak solution and quickly rinsed off.

WORMS IN PIGS.—A Western paper says that four or sulphur is a simple and effective remedy against worms in pigs, and the animals readily partake of it, when mixed in gruel or other sloppy food. For pigs under three months old a teaspoonful is a dose, and for older ones a small tablespoonful. It may be given four days in succession, morning and evening, and repeated every other week. Give plenty of sour milk, green food, celery tops, scum, and sliced raw onions. Avoid stagnant and putrid water. Give access to charcoal and ashes.

HINTS.—Pumpkin seeds act as a diuretic on cattle. Cows in milk should never have access to them. Before pumpkins are fed the seeds should always be removed, for they decrease the throw of milk very rapidly. Soil should be kept clean and mellow around newly-set fruit trees. To destroy caterpillars pour a little kerosene oil on their nests. If you wish to make a nail drive easily and last long without rusting, dip it in melted grease first. This is an excellent method for fencing and other exposed work. While oil soap applied to the body of the tree three or four times during the season, will destroy that pest of the orchard, the borer.

LOOKING GLASSES FOR BIRDS.—A correspondent says: "The following plan is perfectly successful for scaring birds from fruit and other produce. Birds had attacked my grapes on suspending a few bits of broken looking glass amongst them, the marauders left the place. The same day attacked my peaches. A bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were then much damaged, before they were ripe, by thorough and startling; a piece of looking glass drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I had before tried many plans, but never found any so effective as the above."

MANGE IN A HORSE.—This is caused by an insect. Whitewash the stable and stalls with lime and cover the floor also with it, as the mange insect will live upon the wood work for some months, and return to the horse if not destroyed. Treat as follows for the disease: Make an ointment of lard twelve parts, carbolic acid one part, and sulphur two parts. Rub these together thoroughly, until it is well mixed and smooth. Work some of this ointment into the affected portion of the skin twice a day. Give an ounce of sulphur daily in the feed, until the perspiration of the horse smells strongly of it, then discontinue it, but continue the use of the ointment for some time longer, until the skin recovers a healthy appearance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

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Very Respectfully,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POETRY.

COURTESY AT HOME.

It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them; decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. There are many men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of edu-

cation, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relapse on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word. Taking the expression in its ordinary social acceptance, it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact, that refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable. In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continual use, whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil.

FACTORY UNLAW

As the weather grows hotter the face of the summer hotel-keeper grows broader until he has to have his photograph taken in sections.

THE immense exodus of her citizens to America has finally awakened Germany to the necessity of shutting doors against emigration. In Berlin and various other cities the public exhibition of placards of emigration agents or of foreign steamship companies has been prohibited, and a bill impeding emigration will be introduced in the next session of the Reichstag.

I SAW more intoxicated women at the Derby than on any former occasion, says a writer in the *London World*, and not merely the females with whom inebriety is normal, but decent-looking women, apparently the wives and the sweethearts of artisans and small shopkeepers. Perhaps the heat of the weather upset their calculations as to the amount of liquor they could take with impunity.

RUSSIAN villages have no newspapers, and the villagers are ignorant and degraded. It is very difficult to convey to them any political news, and the revolutionists have hard work to indoctrinate them with their ideas. But this very ignorance makes them cruel and brutal, and the educated Russians fear that if a revolution should once be organized the dreadful scenes in France in 1789 will be re-enacted through Russia.

At the recent imperial wedding, in Vienna, when the church was crowded almost to suffocation and the imperial cortege began to make its appearance, Princess Pauline Metternich, quite unconcerned, not only rose in her seat, but mounted upon the velvet covered bench, a proceeding which was instantly imitated by nearly all the high-born ladies present, much to the discomfort of the spectators behind them. Despite numerous more or less polite suggest-

ions, the persistent aristocratic sightseers retained their elevated position throughout nearly the whole of the wedding ceremony.

FEMALE "animated sandwiches" have invaded the streets of London, and it is a common sight to encounter a bevy of damsels promenading the thoroughfares in single file to the number of about half a dozen, besides a conductor. The costumes in which these young ladies appear varies in the case of the individual, much evidently being left to personal taste and preferences, although the toilet adopted may in the main be described as being as far as possible removed from the ordinary idea of walking dress, and as approaching as nearly as the circumstances would allow to the negligence of the ballet.

A ST. PETERSBURG paper gives some curious details as to the means taken to ensure the safety of the Emperor. Every person arriving at the palace, without exception, has to be subjected to a strict examination as to who he is, the reason of his coming, &c. All this is written down with and if considered satisfactory he is carefully conveyed to the person with whom he has business. On leaving his name is again written down and he is sent off of the premises. All the servants and workmen employed are, photographed and carry one copy about them with a written certificate on the back, a duplicate being kept in the office.

COLOR blindness as a cause of disasters is now tolerably well recognized by those entrusted with the safety of passengers on land or by water. Sounds, however, as well as colors, are employed as signals, and the inability to distinguish the former may prove as fatal as a lack of sensibility to the latter. Sometimes, too, persons having excellent eyes have very poor ears, and the contrary is also true. But perhaps the gravest source of catastrophes, especially in railroad travel, is the tendency of engineers to what may be called absence of mind, especially when those men manage their locomotives for months and years over the same monotonous track.

HERE is a story for these little boys who have a mind to run away with the circus. Leotard Carlo was made a performer in the ring when he was only two years old, beginning as a postulant for riders, and afterwards becoming an expert on the trap ze. He wore the brightest of angled costumes, smiled industriously while at work, and altogether was an object of envy to juvenile spectators. A few days ago a pitifully ragged and wan lad of twelve was caught stealing a drink of milk from a can in a Boston street. Being arrested, he said that he was Leotard Carlo, that lameness had incapacitated him for gymnastic feats, and that for months he had been a starving, shelterless tramp.

FOR those people whose stoutness is a matter of solicitude, whether because it is uncomfortable or unfashionable, the following diet is proposed by a prominent physician. May eat lean mutton and beef, veal and lamb, soups not thickened, beef tea and broth, poultry, fish and eggs, bread in moderation, greens, cress, lettuce, etc., green peas, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, fresh fruit without sugar. May not eat, fat meat, bacon or ham, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni, custard, pastry and

puddings, sweet cakes. May drink tea, coffee, cocoa from nib, with milk, but no sugar; dry wines in moderation; brandy, whisky and gin in moderation without sugar; light bitter beer, soda and seltzer water. May not drink milk, except sparingly, port and stout, sweet ales, sweet wines. As a rule, alcoholic liquors should be taken sparingly, and never without food.

THERE is only one happy woman in Russia. It is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "as happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed and becomes a mere layman; his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife if he can, and makes him take extraordinarily good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put into hot blankets, if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—ininitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

A GOOD antidote to the mining fever may possibly be found by some persons who contemplate changing a comfortable home for they know not what, in the following paragraph from the *San Francisco Bulletin*:—"There are not less than 2,000 prospectors in the mountains of California at the present time. Most of them have been prospecting for ten or twenty years. They are all poor. With few exceptions they have been poor and 'hard up' all the time. They do not average fifty cents a day the year round; and no men work harder, or more hours a day. They live on the coarsest and cheapest food, with no luxuries, and wear the cheapest of clothing. But they toil on month after month and year after year, hopefully and courageously, infatuated and driven forward with the belief that they will 'strike it rich' one of these days, and then they will have a rest and a good time 'down at the Bay' or at the old home 'in the States.'"

A NOTED lecturer on the subject said recently in reply to a question, "What have you accomplished by your work for woman suffrage?" "Well, I should say we had accomplished a great deal. Since the beginning of the woman suffrage agitation thirty years ago we have gained school suffrage in twelve States, law, theology and medicine—all the professions have been thrown open to us; all the western colleges and universities admit women. There are in this country one thousand licensed female doctors, there are fifty female lawyers, and women are allowed to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, although a number of the States still shut us out. There are forty female ministers in the Universalist Church alone, while hundreds of licensed female preachers are in the Methodist Church during the best kind of revival work. Thirty years ago woman could only cook, sew and teach. Now not a trade hardly but has women in it. Women are managers of large stores and business, and manage great farms with success. Why, the largest farm in one county in Illinois is owned and managed by a woman. You eastern people ought to go west and see how women are getting along only with a few of their rights.

I PRAY YOU, LOVE

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

"I pray you, love, give me but just one kiss—
One little kiss give me for true love's sake,
For I shall sail across the deep salt sea,
Nor ask you more such sacrifice to make."

But, oh! she tossed her pretty, wayward head—
She thought no man could be so reverent be:
Like other maidens, to herself she said,
"Let him but take a kiss, nor ask of me."

He turned and went his way, and evermore
Said in his heart, "Dear love, she gave me
scorn."

She gave her kisses where they were unasked,
For kiss, they say, of kiss is ever born.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S
WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT,"
"WEAKER THAN A WOMAN,"
"LORD LYNN'S CHOICE"

ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY IRIS read the following lines
when she opened the letter sent by
Allan, and to them were added a
few words of his own—

"But you, had you chosen, had you stretched
hand,

Had you seen good such a thing were done,
It might have stood with the souls that
stand

In the sun's light, clothed with the light of
the sun;

But now who on earth would care how I live?

Have the high gods anything to give,
Save dust and laurels and gold and sand?

When glis is regally, but I will not na."

She would have heard, he added, that
an outbreak had occurred among some
of the frontier tribes of India, which it
was anticipated would have serious re-
sults; he was exchanging therefore into
a regiment ordered to India at once.

"And," he added, "Heaven being
merciful to the miserable, I hope to die
there. Life which parts me from you is
a thousand times worse than death. If
you see—as I pray you may—my name
among the list of killed, say to yourself
that Heaven has called home the most
wretched of men."

It was the only letter she received
from the man she loved, and she kept it
amongst her most precious treasures. It
reached her on the morning of the day
that she was leaving Chandos, and she
showed it to her father. The perusal of
it moved him.

"You have thrown away a noble
heart, Iris," he said. "He is a man
who will always, whether you love him
or not, stand in the light of the sun."

She never cared to remember her
journey—it was so full of pain to her.
As they drew near Fenton Woods, her
father grew more sad and melancholy;
and he began to remember—what in
the midst of her own sorrow she had
half forgotten—the fact that he had
never liked the thought of going to Fen-
ton. He had been so happy with her
mother there that he could not bear the
painful memories associated with it.

It was a beautiful place, the house
stood on a hill, and the view of the sur-
rounding country was magnificent. At
the foot of the hill nestled a little village
called Brook. The novelty of seeing
the house for the first time, the pleasure
of strolling in lovely woodlands, dis-
tracted her attention for the first three
days. Lord Caledon began to hope that
she had found a true remedy for her sor-
row, but after the third day her melan-
choly returned.

The Earl received a cordial welcome
after his long absence. The bells of
Brook Church pealed merrily, and the
villagers came up in a friendly simple
old-fashioned way to greet the Earl and
his daughter.

Lord Caledon and Lady Iris lived in
close retirement. The wind that came
from the pine woods was refreshing and
invigorating, and the deathly pallor
soon left Lady Iris's face. Her eyes
grew brighter, and the dainty lovely
blues that made her face look like a deli-
cate rose came back, yet she was won-
derfully altered.

"She is a great beauty," said the vil-
lagers. "Her face is like a flower, and
her hair like gold. It's a pity she's so
sad, she doesn't laugh and talk as other
ladies do. She seems to be thinking of
some one who is far away," and they
little knew how near the truth they
were.

Lady Iris was in the dining-room
when her father sent for the butler and
began to ask him something about the
villagers he had known. Some were
married, he was told, and some dead
and gone; but those that remained were
very glad that he had come back. A
sad thing had happened, the butler
said.

"Your lordship of course remembers
the old nurse Esther Rowson, whom you
pensioned off?"

The Earl's face changed at the men-
tion of her name, and he said—

"Yes," he remembered Esther, and
he hoped she was getting along well.

"No," replied the butler; "Esther has
grown childish, and sits day after day
crooning old songs."

Could it be an expression of relief
that came over the Earl's face—he who
was so good, kind, and generous, who
sorrowed with the sorrowful? He turned
to the butler and said quietly—

"I am sorry to hear it, Stokes. How
do they manage with her?"

"Her grand-daughter lives with her,
my lord, and takes good care of her,"
was the reply.

"She is still in the cottage then?"
said the Earl.

"Yes," the man answered; "Esther
would not leave it." The butler went
on to say that the people had been won-
dering if she would know her old mas-
ter.

When father and daughter were
alone, Lady Iris remarked, with a
smile—

"How nice it is to have old servants
living in pretty old cottages! There is
something feudal about it."

"Yes, Iris. That old woman Esther
Rowson was a most devoted servant,
most faithful to us; but I think it would
be better for you not to go to see her."

"Why, papa?" she asked in won-
der.

"I am sure, if I express a wish, you
will obey me without asking for a
reason."

"Certainly; but it will seem strange if
I go into every other cottage in the
place, and not into hers."

"She will not be any the worse for
not seeing you; you hear that she is
childish."

"Of course I will obey you, papa; you
know that," said Lady Iris, but she
could not help feeling surprised.

On the morrow the Earl took his
daughter through the woods and round
the beautiful hill on which the house
stood. In the course of their stroll they
came to a little church half hidden with
trees. Round the stone porch, in quaint
letters, ran the words "To pray best is
to love best."

To the astonishment of Lady Iris,
when the Earl saw them he stood like a
man stricken mute, with an expression
of pain on his face which seemed to
change it completely.

Lady Iris was delighted with the
building. She went into the old stone
porch, which seemed so cool, and a
slanting ray of sunshine lighted up the
golden hair and sweet sad face.

When Lord Caledon saw her stand-
ing there, he cried out in a voice she
never forgot—

"Iris, come away; you look like a
ghost standing there! Come away,
child!"

He was trembling violently when she
joined him.

"Like a ghost, papa?" said Lady
Iris laughingly. "Who ever saw a
ghost in a fashionable walking cos-
tume?"

He was only too thankful to change
the subject.

"Is that the latest style, my dear? It
is pretty."

"Pretty is not the word, papa. It
is artistic," she replied. Then she re-

peated the words round the porch.
"To pray best is to love best," she
said slowly. Surely I have read those
words before; but I do not remember
where." She had forgotten the portrait
she had found in the secret drawer.
"What does it mean, papa? Why were
the words placed here?"

"I do not know why they were so
placed; it was a custom to put such le-
gends in olden times, I believe. But
the meaning of the words seems clear
enough to me. It is of no use praying
unless one has real charity and real love.
Prayers from the lips alone are of no
use; they must come from the heart; and
he prays best who loves best."

"The words are very beautiful," she
said; and then they left the old gray
church in its bower of trees.

Gradually Lady Iris grew stronger.
It seemed to her that she had done the
right thing in coming to Fenton. There
were no fetes or balls, no glittering ga-
herings—only the poor to visit and con-
sole.

The Earl smiled sadly as he watched
his daughter.

"Poor child!" he said to himself.
"She thinks that the struggle of life is
ended, and she has found a haven of
rest."

He smiled and sighed when he heard
her speak as though life were all ended
for her, and as though there was noth-
ing for her but to live in these sweet
solitudes until she died. To him there
was something pathetic in it.

The weeks rolled by, and the woods
grew more beautiful in their autumnal
tints. It seemed to Lady Iris that they
were completely secluded, and that they
were never to belong to the outer world
again.

"I shall live here until I die, papa,"
she said to him one morning, when
the smart of her pain was keener than
ever.

"It would never do," he told himself,
"to let the last of the Faynes die in
these solitudes." But he must bide his
time.

With his whole heart he wished that
she had acted differently—that she had
married Allan.

"Poor child!" he would say to himself.
"She had sacrificed her life to a chi-
mera." Yet he respected the pride of
race that had led her to act as she had
done. It was the most marked trait in
her character, the strongest love in her
heart.

As the smart of her pain, which at
first was exceedingly keen, died away,
and a patient resignation came in its
place, her health and strength returned.
The pure bracing air, the clear atmos-
phere, the early hours, and the constant
out-of-door exercise made her stronger
than she had been for some time, and it
was with the utmost satisfaction that the
Earl saw his daughter grow more beau-
tiful every day.

It was strange how in her secret fan-
cies she compared herself to the Lady
of Shalott. Love of her Sir Lancelot
had brought her almost to death's door.
How gladly she would have floated
down the river to die where his eyes
should rest on her face! The words
were always ringing in her ear, "The
curse has come upon me!" cried the
Lady of Shalott. Was it indeed a
curse—this great sweet love which had
sent her, with wounded heart and
blighted life, into solitude? And then
she owned to herself that the love had
been so sweet that she would not be
without it, even though it killed her.
And yet her love was not so great as
her pride.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADY IRIS had strictly carried out
her father's wish, and had never
been to see Esther Rowson. She
went to the other cottages, where the
sight of her beautiful face was as wel-
come as May flowers, and to the inmates
of which she took many good things to
help and comfort them. She was soon
beloved by all the villagers. The chil-
dren would cling round her, the mothers
brighten at a kind word from her, and

the men take off their hats and call
down a blessing upon her; while the sick
and sorrowful grew stronger and brighter
as she went amongst them.

She sent many a well-filled basket to
Esther Rowson, and the Earl called at
times to see his old servant.

Esther's cottage stood in a pretty lit-
tle valley, and a clear brook ran past it.
One morning Lady Iris, who had gone
out early and alone to see some of her
favorite proteges, stopped to look at the
cottage. Suddenly the sky became
overcast, and a loud peal of thunder
rolled over the valley. There was every
sign that the storm would be a severe
one, and, as there was no other house
near, the girl said to herself that there
could be no possible reason why she
should not take refuge in Esther's cot-
tage. Before she should seek shelter
elsewhere, the storm would have burst,
and she would have been drenched with
the rain. Her father had certainly ex-
pressed a wish that she should not go
there; but then he had given no reason
for it. Perhaps he had thought that
cottage was not healthy, or that a child-
ish old woman might frighten her; but,
if he knew that he was in danger of be-
ing caught in a storm, surely he would
not mind her entering the cottage. She
explained the circumstance when she
reached home.

The darkness increased. Another
peal of thunder rolled over the woods
and across the valley, and great rain-
drops began to fall. There was no time
to hesitate. Lady Iris opened the gate,
crossed the little garden, and rapped at
the door. It was opened by a clean
pretty girl, who looked very much em-
barrassed when she found who her vis-
itor was.

"May I shelter from the rain?" said
Lady Iris.

"If you please, my lady," replied the
girl.

Lady Iris followed her into the
kitchen, the windows of which were filled
with plants and commanded a view of
the whole of the valley, with the gray
church in the distance. The floor was
of bright red bricks, the stove shone
like polished jet, a spotlessly white deal
table stood in the middle of the room.
There was a neat dresser, on which
glass and china shone, and near the
fire was an easy chair.

"Will you please take a seat, my lady?"
asked the girl; and she drew the easy-
chair forward.

Lady Iris smiled.

"No; that is nurse Esther's chair,"
she said. "I will take this"—seating
herself on a wooden chair. "What is
your name?"

"Anne Reynolds, my lady," was the
reply.

"And how is Esther?" asked Lady
Iris.

But before the girl had time to an-
swer the door opened and the old nurse
entered. At first she did not see Lady
Iris. She was crooning the words of
some old song, and stopped to asked for
some tea.

"Granny," cried the girl, "do you not
see that we have a visitor? Do you see
who has come?"

Esther was a bright-eyed old lady,
with a face all brown and red, like an
apple. She looked extremely neat in
her white cap. She walked up to Lady
Iris, and, when she saw her face, she
cried out—

"It is Isabel Hyne come back
again!"

Lady Iris, who was kindness itself to
her inferiors, took the trembling hands in
hers.

"No," she said gently, "I am Lady
Iris Fayne."

The old nurse shook her head.

"You should not tell stories," she
said. "You are Isabel Hyde. How you
are dressed, my dear! Ah, well-a-day,
I told you how it would be. I know my
lord meant well!"

The young girl came forward with
curtsey.

"Will you please excuse granny, my
lady? She does not know of what she
is speaking; and she talks so much about
Isabel Hyde."

"Poor Esther!" murmured Lady Iris. "Her mind has gone back to the days of her early life, and she knows nothing of the present time. Who is Isabel Hyde?"

"I do not know, my lady. I have never heard of any one who has that name. We all think it is some one granny knew when she was young."

"Most likely," said Lady Iris.

Presently the old nurse cried out again—

"Isabel Hyde has come back! Run out, Anne, and tell all the neighbors that Isabel Hyde has come back. She did not die! I told him she was not dead when he knelt upon the floor and called upon Heaven to strike him dead. It was wicked of him, and I made bold to tell him so. I said to him, 'Oh, beware, my lord, that you are not taken at your word!'"

"Does she often talk in this way?" asked Lady Iris of Anne.

"Y—sometimes all day long, my lady. She mixes up every thing; but no one ever listens to her or takes any notice of her."

"It would not matter if they did," said Lady Iris. "I do not think any one could understand her."

"You look taller and prouder, Isabel Hyde," the old nurse went on. "But I am forgetting; I must not call you 'Isabel Hyde.' Shall I call you 'my lady?'"

"Yes," said Lady Iris.

"My lady! How strange it seems!" continued Esther. "They say that I am old and childish, and that I do not remember. But when you were dead, I laid you out!"

"Does she frighten you, my lady?" interposed the girl. "If she does, I will take her away."

"No. Poor old nurse! Why should she frighten me?" said Lady Iris kindly.

"I laid you out, my dear; and now you have come to see me—as pretty as ever, and so proud, my dear—so very proud!"

"I am not proud, Esther," said Lady Iris; and then her face burned with a hot flush, for she remembered she had sacrificed her only love for her pride.

The old nurse looked with some alarm into her face.

"You are red now," she said—"red as a red, red rose, but then you were as white as the snow, and your eyes—now they are bright and proud—I am sure they are proud, Isabel—but then they were closed, with the white lids over them. Who woke you up again, my dear? He told me you would never come back. Tell all the neighbors Anne, that she has come back!"

And then, tired of her subject, Esther sat down in the easy-chair; while Anne busied herself in getting some tea for her. Meantime the rain was falling in torrents, the lightning flashed through the window-panes, and heavy peals of thunder rolled over the valley.

Lady Iris was standing by the window watching the rain beating down, when she was startled by a hand being laid on her dress.

"I said you were proud. Why, look at your dress! I put a white one on you, with stiff folds. Where did you get this?"

She did not wait for an answer, but passed her hand over Lady Iris's dress, and then peered curiously into her face.

"I brushed your hair back and folded your hands. He filled them with flowers. I remember then that he turned to me and said, 'They won't die, Esther; and when she wakes she will know that I placed them there.' You haven't them!"

"No, I have not," replied Lady Iris, only anxious to please her, yet beginning to feel rather nervous. Presently, by dint of great persuasion, she induced the old nurse to sing her some songs, and so to forget Isabel Hyde.

The sky cleared at last, and Lady Iris was able to start for home. When she rose to go she placed some silver in the old woman's hand.

"No, I do not want it," said Esther. "You keep it, Isabel Hyde. You cannot tell, my dear, whether you may want it or not. He seems all right, and everything seems safe; but no one can tell what will happen. Ah, but I was forgetting! Where is the baby, Isabel Hyde?"

"Never mind the baby, granny," said the girl soothingly; and then, turning to Lady Iris, she added, "There is nothing she keeps on about so long as 'the baby.'"

"Where is it?" continued the nurse. "Did you come back for it? You said you would. Is it safe—the little fair head—is it quite safe?"

"Yes, it is safe," replied Lady Iris. "Good-bye, Esther. I shall come again soon."

"Good-bye, pretty Isabel Hyde!" said the old nurse.

During the walk home Lady Iris thought a good deal about Esther Rowson—so much so that at dinner time she looked up suddenly at her father and said—

"Papa, did you ever hear of any one named Isabel Hyde?"

She smiled as she asked the question, remembering all that old Esther had said; but the smile died quickly when she saw her father's face. It expressed such horror and amazement, it was deathly pale.

He dropped his knife and fork and uttered a low terrible cry. She sprang from her seat and ran to him.

"Oh, papa, what is it?"

It was a few minutes before the Earl recovered himself, and then he moaned—

"A spasm—a pain right through my heart, Iris."

The butler hastened to give him some brandy, and his daughter, lavished loving attentions on him. The color slowly returned to his face, but he breathed with difficulty. Lady Iris was alarmed.

"I have never seen you like this, papa," she said.

"I shall be better in a few minutes. Open the window, Stokes, and let me rest a while."

He eagerly drank the brandy that the butler brought for him, but his hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the glass. They left him for a few minutes by the open window, his head lying back on the chair and his eyes closed. When he returned to the dinner-table, he tried hard to converse as usual, apologizing for having startled his daughter; but she saw that he could eat nothing—plate after plate was carried away untouched. Yet in her own mind she never connected her father's sudden illness with the question she had asked.

She talked to him about his health, and declared that he must see a doctor, a spasm in the region of the heart was, she considered, a dangerous thing, and he must have advice about it. Then she thought of nurse Esther and Isabel Hyde.

"Papa," said Lady Iris, "just as you were taken ill, I was asking you if you had ever known any one called Isabel Hyde."

Again the deadly pallor might have told her that there was something wrong, but she did not think of it. He was ill, and it was natural that he should change color.

"Yes, I know the name," he said slowly.

"Tell me about her, papa. Did she die? Is there some romance connected with her? Did some great lord love her?"

Great drops stood upon his forehead as he turned to look at her.

"Why, what makes you ask all this, Iris? What have you heard? What do you mean?"

Then she told him of her adventure in the morning, and his face grew whiter as he listened. In a thick hoarse voice he said—

"But I told you, Iris, not to go and see Esther Rowson."

"I had no choice; I should have been drenched in that deluge of rain if I had not entered her cottage. I knew you

would not mind in the circumstances. I was half frightened though while I was there."

"What did she say to you?" asked the Earl; and the question seemed to be put unwillingly.

"It was a singular reception," answered the girl; "yet there was something very pathetic about it. I should say this Isabel Hyde was some friend the poor childish old woman had in her youth. The moment she saw me she cried out, 'Isabel Hyne come back again! Anne, run out and tell all the neighbors that Isabel Hyne has come back!'"

A little cry escaped from the Earl, which she thought was of wonder at her story.

"The strangest thing of all, papa, was that she had some horrible idea that she had 'laid me out,' as she called it. She touched my dress and stroked it, saying when she left me in was white and full of stiff folds. She asked me who woke me—and that question really startled me, she seemed to think that I had been dead, and that some one had brought me to life again."

The Earl tried to smile, but his lips were rigid and cold. Lady Iris went on—

"It caused me to feel quite uncomfortable, papa. She said that she had brushed back my hair and folded my hands. There was one thing which touched me. Still thinking that I was Isabel Hyde, she told me about some lover who had filled the hands of the dead girl with flowers; and Esther said that he cried out that when she woke the girl would know who had placed them there."

"What strange fancies!" said the Earl, in a husky voice.

"I cannot remember all," continued Lady Iris; "but there was something about a little baby with fair hair. She wished to know what I had done with it. The grand daughter, a nice clean tidy girl, told me that when once she began to speak of the baby there was no stopping her. She must have had some great trouble in her life, poor old Esther! But, papa, you did not tell me who she was—this Isabel Hyde."

"I cannot tell you. There was some one of that name who lived once at Fenton Woods, but I can say nothing of her."

"You didn't know her then, papa? Esther has so aroused my curiosity about her that I must make some inquiries. 'Isabel Hyde!' It is a very pretty name; and, if she has lived here at all, some one must remember something about her."

Lady Iris was startled by the voice in which her father cried out—

"You must not make inquiries, Iris!"

"Must not!" she repeated, surprised at his sharp tones.

"No, you must not; remember, I have forbidden it," he went on excitedly. "I did not want you to come to Fenton Woods." Many times she had asked him to do so, and he had always returned an evasive answer, until he saw that she was ill, and knew that it would be good for her to have change of air.

She believed that the reason was in some way connected with herself. Moreover, he would not let her visit Esther; and that too, she believed, had to do with herself.

And now he had told her that she must not make any inquiries about Isabel Hyde—when proved to her that in some mysterious fashion there was a link between herself and Isabel Hyde.

What could it be? She thought long and anxiously; but she could not come to any satisfactory conclusion. There had been no secrets in the Fyne family—none that a person like old Esther would be likely to know.

Lady Iris was not curious in the ordinary sense of the word; but this was something she felt, that touched the honor of her family. She would not disobey her father; she would make no inquiries, but if by any accident she should hear the name of Isabel Hyde or any-

thing of her story, she would pay particular attention to every detail.

The Earl sat musing in his study alone. He had had a terrible shock and was still greatly agitated.

"Great Heaven," he cried, "to think that she should look up laughing into my face, and ask me who was Isabel Hyde!"

Before him on the table he had the portrait of a lady with a sweet sad face and fair hair; the eyes seemed to look reproachfully at him. He bent over the portrait.

"I do not know," he cried, "whether I have done right or wrong. If Iris had known the truth, she would never have sent Captain Osburn away. It may be that I have done wrong altogether; but it was for her sake, Isabel—believe me, for her sake alone."

And then he began to think deeply. He had been unwilling to bring his daughter to Fenton Woods that lonely Northern home of his where the one love of his life had begun. He had taken every precaution to guard his secret; but Heaven had evidently interposed to bring it to light. The storm had burst when his daughter was near Esther Rowson's cottage, and she had to seek refuge in the only house where it was possible she could hear the name of Isabel Hyde.

He asked himself whether it would not be better to tell her the truth. He knew that when a woman's curiosity was once aroused it was seldom left ungratified. His daughter was the very soul of honor, but who could tell whether a chance word might not betray to her all that he had concealed? He began to think that it was Heaven's will that he should tell her. It had been the one object of his life to keep this secret; he had sacrificed much for that object; and, if he told the truth now, all his sacrifices would have been in vain.

He was a religious man; and he said to himself that, if it were the will of Heaven that she should know the secret that he had kept from her, he would disclose it to her himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE OF THE BIRDS.—It happens when two humming birds frequently meet they signal the encounter with a shrill war-cry, and dash at each other in fierce antagonism. For an instant they close together, then give each other chase, and with the speed of meteors are lost to view. Shortly after the return of one alone announces that the victory has been quick and decisive. Diminutive as are these puny sprites, they are heavily charged with combativeness. The entire race are pugnacious and quarrelsome to an extraordinary degree, impudently assaulting each other and birds of much greater size which venture into their neighborhood or occasion them a fancied annoyance. Even the hawk is not safe from their attacks, and has been seen worried and whipped by them. One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye.

MAKE HIM ANSWER.—A large, a very large part of some women's work consists in picking up and setting to rights after the masculine part of the household; and it is often most unnecessary. Why should not Mr. B. hang up the clothing he has laid aside, or consign his soiled handkerchiefs and collars to the clothes basket, just as much as Mrs. B. who has quite enough to occupy her hands and feet, without any superfluous tasks? Why should the head of the household have the sole privilege of displacing the hearth-rug and leaving it so? Or why should father or brother with sublime indifference drop the old newspaper on the floor, for some minnie hand to put in its proper place? M. S.

If the comet and the earth would come collision it is the general opinion that the comet would be the only sufferer.

AFFIDAVIT.

A Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy of 25 Years Standing.

A Prominent Business Man and Citizen of Philadelphia.

The Wonderful Washing Qualities of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

A Remarkable Aid to the Physician. STATEMENTS

That It will Not do Everything Claimed

When the Creations are Followed Branded as Malicious Falsehoods.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared FRANK H. SIDDALL, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March 1856, and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of the Frank Siddalls Soap a period of 25 years, was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that The Frank Siddalls Soap is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores or ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles &c., &c., sores and scratches on horses, mange and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be spoiled by careless or ignorant manipulation, and that my success in the production of such superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medicinal properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing function.

I do solemnly declare that the testimony is published from time to time a copy of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that it is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores or ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles &c., &c., sores and scratches on horses, mange and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be spoiled by careless or ignorant manipulation, and that my success in the production of such superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap for toilet, shaving, bathing and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge from my own personal and home experience that even its long continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it.

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A D 1881

EZRA LUKENS,

Magistrate of Court No. 12.

We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:

In the First Place, the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth or falsity of the claims made for it, it would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.

In the Next Place, we wish our readers to bear in mind that we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Answers alike for the finest laces and baby garments or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to heat the wash-water.

[A wash-kettle or wash-boiler which stands unused for several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the most careful housekeeping, and this injures some of the very delicate and expensive ingredients that are contained in The Frank Siddalls Soap.]

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.



The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. Dont put clothes to soak overnight: it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way. Dont try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use Soda or Borax. The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. See that you get what you ask for.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.] In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.

[It will be put up in a neat metal box costing 6c.—15c. In postage stamps will be put on, and all sent to you for ten cents.]

If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost. [Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used for all purposes, but it is only when it is to be used for a family wash that it will be sent for ten cents,—and the name of this paper must be given.]

DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE, and dont even send for that until satisfied that this Paper would not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.] SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.

There is only one kind of Frank Siddalls Soap made, and it is for every use that soap is put to. If you have a friend in trouble with Ingrowing Toe-Nails, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or in any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter of how many years standing, tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.

[For Ingrowing Toe-Nail, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh, and speedy relief will be experienced.] By washing freely with the Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any ointment or any other soap or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn ulcers, ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children.

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country. REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do. CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effect of The Frank Siddalls Soap:

CLINTON, OSCEOLA CO., N. Y., March 14, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL.—Dear Sir:—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came safely to hand. It is not only as good as stated, but better, for it has proved a good and true cure. For a long while I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands, and for over a year have had to wear gloves all the time; but the Soap has already so nearly cured me that I am doing my work all alone, and can truly say it has been a godsend to me. MRS. PHILIP TOOLE, Daughter of Thomas Collins.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA., March 9, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL.—Dear Sir:—My wife has been suffering from ulcers on her leg, and has not been able to get anything to treat them, although we have spent hundreds of dollars, all without benefit. She is now using your Soap, having commenced about two weeks ago, and it is acting splendidly, and I am sure will effect a complete cure in a very short time. It has already taken all the pain away, and she can now rest as well as she ever could. We intend using it in our house hereafter for washing and every other purpose. JAMES FLOYD.

Our Young Nolla.

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

"BUT I didn't mean to do it!" said Phil; "I didn't, indeed."

Jessie looked very sorrowful, and finally began to cry. Then Phil was frightened, and began to cry also, so loudly that the sound reached Mrs. Leslie, who was sitting by the library window. She started up, and throwing down her book, hastened to see what had happened.

Mrs. Leslie found the children in a pleasant part of the garden, beside an old ivy-covered summer house, which had long been a safe retreat, wherein the birds year after year had built their nests.

"Phil, Phil, how could you do it!" sobbed Jessie, stooping down and taking up from the ground a half-fledged bird whose leg was broken.

"What is the matter, Jessie?" asked Mrs. Leslie as she came nearer.

"Phil is the naughtiest, most cruel boy that ever lived!" sobbed Jessie. "The dear little robins that I was watching are all killed, excepting this one, and the nest is destroyed, and the old birds are lamenting."

"Phil," said Mrs. Leslie again, "what have you been doing?"

"I didn't mean to do it," answered Phil, sitting up a loud cry, partly of fright, partly of sorrow, for he had come to a sense of the damage that he had done. There was the nest scattered on the ground, and the poor parent birds hovering desolately around; and he began to have a twinge of remorse for the misery he had occasioned.

"Phil," said Mrs. Leslie, very gravely, "what have you been doing?"

Phil made no reply; and again Jessie spoke.

"He was throwing stones."

"And one by accident," sobbed Phil, "hit the nest. I didn't mean to do it."

"And it came tumbling down with a crash, and two of the little ones were killed," added Jessie.

Mrs. Leslie looked very sad.

"See all the trouble you have brought about, Phil," she said; "and saying that you did not mean to do it is no excuse, and will not mend it. The innocent life that God gave to these little creatures is destroyed by your hand; the patient work of the parent birds is also destroyed, and you have caused them distress and misery through the death of their young ones. Supposing some strong men broke into our own house, and broke the windows, and smashed the furniture, and killed you and Jessie, and left little George with his leg broken, would it be any comfort to your father and myself for them to say they were very sorry, but they didn't mean to do it?"

Phil hung his head.

For some days after the occurrence Phil was very quiet, and seemed to be taking pains to consider his acts. His conscience reproached him whenever he saw Jessie feeding the little lame bird, whilst George stood by her knee, highly interested in the proceeding.

But Jessie's efforts to save the little lame bird were unavailing. She did all that she could for it, and was sad very tenderly, but she did not know how to take care of it as its parents did, and after struggling for a while the little robin died.

Phil was nowhere to be seen when Jessie put the little bird into a small box; nor when she and little George buried it close to the ivy-covered summer house, where it might have lived out its life so happily, but for Phil's thoughtlessness and reckless conduct.

At dinner time, however, Jessie noticed that Phil's eyes were very red, and that he did not eat much. Mrs. Leslie noticed it also, and hoped that some impression had been made on Phil, and that he would act with more thought and care in the future.

"Why, Jessie, here's Johnson's gun," said Phil, as the two were playing together under the tall elms near the pool. "I wonder what he is going to do with it?" And Phil drew nearer to the spot where Johnson, the gamekeeper, had laid down his gun.

"He must be going to shoot rabbits," said Phil, after a pause, in which he had come close to the gun, and was about to take hold of it.

"Oh, Phil, Phil, come away," cried Jessie. "You know mother said you were never to touch a gun."

"Nonsense!" said Phil, "touching is not firing it, so what harm can I do? and this is not loaded. Johnson would not leave it here if it had been."

"I don't know," said Jessie, in great terror, for Phil had lifted the gun from the ground. "Guns go off sometimes whether they are loaded or not."

Phil burst into a loud laugh.

"That is just what a girl would say," he said.

"Phil, dear Phil, do come away. Do put it down. See, there is Johnson coming."

"Yes, there was Johnson running toward them as fast as he could, shouting—"

"Put it down, Master Phil, put it down!"

"Not till I've got through the mechanism," said Phil in an undertone. "Now—make ready—present—fire—bang!"

And as he spoke there was a flash, a smoke, a loud report for without intending it his sleeve had caught the trigger, and in pulling it rather roughly away the gun went off and in its rebound caused him to fall to the ground.

Simultaneous with the report of the gun was a piercing shriek, and then all was still. And in another moment Johnson was beside the prostrate children, wringing his hands in dismay, and bitterly bewailing that he had disobeyed his master's orders in leaving a loaded gun about; for the gun was loaded, and part of its charge had gone into Jessie's arm.

"You have shot your sister, sir," said the gamekeeper to the terrified boy. "Run, about, get help! Quick, go home! tell some one to come."

But Phil was powerless to do anything.

Then the gamekeeper stooped down and lifted up the wounded child carefully, carrying her home as gently as he could. She had fainted, and neither he nor Phil felt sure whether she were dead or alive.

What a sight for the mother! Fortunately Mr. Leslie was at home, and attended to everything. The doctor was sent for, and there was a heavy silence through the house; no one seemed to breathe, for no one knew whether Jessie was wounded unto death or not.

Phil fled in agony to his room and locked the door. He listened and listened. All was still; perhaps every one had gone to bed, perhaps Jessie was worse. And again the sickening faintness came over him. If it could only be a dream! But it was no dream; he had shot his sister.

"Oh! I didn't—!" but there Paul stopped. Never again would he repeat the senseless words, "I didn't mean to do it."

Again he listened, for he thought he heard footsteps coming along the passage. Presently there was a gentle tap at the door, and his mother's voice said, "Phil!"

Phil flung open the door, and in another moment the miserable boy was clinging convulsively to his mother, unable to speak for the choking in his throat, and holding her very tightly, lest she should slip away from him. At last he said, with a great effort, "Jessie!"

"The shot are extracted and the injured bone is bandaged up, and she has gone to sleep."

Phil's heart gave a great leap. Then she was not worse.

"Oh, mother!" he sobbed.

"Phil," said Mrs. Leslie solemnly, "we have much to be thankful for even in the midst of this calamity that you have brought upon us. If you had killed your sister, as you might have done, what would have been our life long sorrow? As it is, the poor child has suffered terribly, and it will be long before she can use her wounded arm again."

"And I have done it, Jessie will never love me again. Oh, let me see her. One look, mother, please!" said Phil. "You don't know how I feel!"

And he looked so miserable that his mother led him to the room where Jessie lay, looking almost as white as the pillow; and she was so fast asleep that Phil did not feel sure that she was alive, in spite of what his mother had said. Her bandaged arm, stiff with the splints, lay outside the coverlet.

He stood earnestly on his sister, and then showed his mother to take him back to his own room.

"I might have killed her," was the thought uppermost in his mind as he went to sleep that night. And he did not remember anything for many days, for he had a serious fever.

And all this trouble came from thoughtlessness and a reckless disregard of consequences. Phil had indeed found that—

"Evil is wrought from want of thought, as well as from want of heart."

For Phil had not a bad heart. It was really a kind, tender one, in spite of all his shortcomings; and what his heart made him feel through self-reproach took a beneficial effect upon him.

He became more thoughtful, more considerate, and Mrs. Leslie began to hope that he might really amend. As long as Jessie's arm was bandaged and useless there was no fear of his forgetting the lesson he had learned, nor even when it began to grow stronger, and she could use it just a little.

But Mrs. Leslie looked forward to the time when Jessie's arm should have recovered its full strength wondering whether Phil's repentance would be lasting and sincere.

"Mother," said Phil, as he caught the anxious look in her face, "I think and hope that you need not be afraid for me. I do believe, mother, that I shall never have to say again 'I didn't mean to do it.'"

ABOUT ANIMALS.

WHEN a sheep has two lambs at a time, it is said, she will not permit one to suck without the other is present. But for this instinctive arrangement, one of her offspring would have an undue proportion of nourishment, and the other would either starve or degenerate.

It is well known that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third is laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never been known to come to maturity. If three young pigeons were to feed, none of them would probably be vigorous, and the race would degenerate. This is another instance of the interest which Nature takes in the well-being of her creatures.

The cow affords a similar instance: if she has twins one of them a male, and the other a female, the latter is always barren.

If a doe produces a white fawn with red eyes, its under jaw is always defective, and it dies of starvation; a wise provision of nature, in preventing what would probably be feeble from arriving to maturity.

Sheep have been known to take care of a lamb when the dam has been rendered incapable of assisting it, and birds will feed the helpless young of others.

Birds also will cluster all together for the purpose of keeping each other warm. Swallows cluster, like bees when they have swarmed in cold autumnal weather, hanging one upon another, with their wings extended, under the eaves of a house. There are also instances of wrens being found huddled together in some snug retreat for the purpose of reciprocating warmth and comfort.

Ducks which lay early in the year strip more of their feathers off and make their nests much warmer than those which lay later in the season. This instinctive property is very curious, and shows the foresight which has been planted in animals.

It is well known that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate, they are in the constant habit of bleeding each other and sometimes of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder.

A fine greyhound, which had been incessantly teased by a small spaniel, took it up in his mouth and dropped it over the parapet of a terrace into a river which flowed below it. The animal was unwilling to hurt his tormentor, and therefore took this opportunity of freeing himself from its annoyance.

A horse and a cat were friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats, he always took up the cat gently by the skin of her neck, and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in the way while he was feeding. At all other times he seemed pleased to have her near him.

That eels hibernate during the cold month there can be little doubt, few or none being caught at that time. A boy on an Irish river perceived something of a very unusual appearance floundering upon the sand at low water. Upon a nearer approach he found it to be a quarbottle, which showed many symptoms of animation. He seized it and brought it in. It was found to contain an eel so much thicker than the neck of the bottle, that it must be supposed the eel made its lodging there when it was younger and of course smaller. It was necessary to break the bottle for the purpose of liberating the fish.

Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to show but little attachment to those who are kind to them. Cats, however, have been known, to evince great uneasiness during the absence of an owner, and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a favorite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

Cats have been known to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, said after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw any man so much frightened in his life.

A family residing near London went one summer to a watering place, leaving their house in care of two female servants. One evening, when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often that the servants were induced to go upstairs and see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbors, but in the mean time the man made his escape out of the window and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

There is no greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

A GOOD deal has been written from time to time on the subject of printers' blunders. Few more entertaining topics could be discussed, and fresh material may be gathered almost any day from the newspapers, and even less ephemeral publications.

The omission or addition of a single letter, or the substitution of a wrong one, sometimes produces the most comical results. A glowing writer is made to speak of certain of the works of Nature as "silent preachers of immortality [immortality] It is rather imposing on the credulity of the public to state that 'a waterman rowing by at the time of the celebration' was knocked down and one of his ears [ear] was carried at least thirty yards away; and it seems an ungenerous reflection upon the bravery of the Peruvians to say that they 'expected to accomplish great things with their feet' [feet]. Still more unkind was it to describe the table decoration at a recent fashionable wedding as being composed of pot-house instead of 'nothouse' flowers. An evening paper congratulated a gardener not long ago on having, at a local horticultural show produced the 'best six jargonelle pears fit for the stable' [table]. The violent [for violet] bouquet which according to another contemporary, was presented to a lady at a public demonstration, should have been at the same exhibition. What sort of a biblical education had the compositor received who was responsible for the following? 'If they are true men, they would refuse to sell their birthright for a mess of postage.' And what is to be thought of the profane individual who, in setting up the verdict 'died by the visitation of God, altered the fourth word to hesitation'?

In a poem by a young lady, the line, 'Oh, for a heart full of sweet yearning!' occurred in the manuscript. But in print the last words appeared as 'yearling'; and the poetess very naturally wrote to the editor that the compositor who set up her effusion was a calf.

A western paper reporting the annual meeting of a certain Hospital, announced the other day that the children burned alive in the Hospital during the year numbered two hundred and twenty-three, and at their own homes nine hundred and sixteen. It is necessary to explain that the word 'burned' should read 'born.' Serious consequences might have resulted from the statement which appeared in an editorial article, to the effect that a certain eminent statesman was 'very fond of his opium,' had it not been satisfactorily explained that the editor wrote 'opinion.' What a sensation must have been caused in aristocratic circles by the announcement in a London Journal of the Duchesse of Hamilton's 'bankruptcy,' when it was only her 'birthday' that was referred to! It was probably from a due sense of the fitness of things that a compositor, anxious that she should follow the example, perhaps one of her own heroines, married a novelist to a prisoner, whereas it was only a 'Prussian' to whom she had been wedded.

Careless writing, with imperfectly formed letters, and a general appearance of dash and haste, is as frequently the cause of such blunders as the stupidity of the printer. It may have been due to some such cause that a person who advertised for a gardener, adding the information that there was 'no glass'—that is, no greenhouse—had the worry of seeing this appear as 'one glass,' naturally attended with inquiries from interested applicants wishing to know 'if it was in the forenoon,' sent an advertisement to that effect to the local newspaper; but the notice when it appeared notified the lady by representing her as advertising for a 'horseman.'

Transposition of lines and words is also a frequent source of blunders, which in such cases are mainly due to the compositor. During an epidemic in a country town three or four children in one family died in one week. About the same time there occurred a marriage of some distinction in the district; notice of both went duly appeared in the local paper. But the friends of the married pair were staggered to read after the enumeration of the names of the officiating clergymen, and those of the happy bride and bridegroom and their relations, the startling announcement that 'they were all interred yesterday in the cemetery.' It turned out on explanation being required, that those words should have been appended to the notice of death of the children above mentioned, but the compositor, in a moment of stupidity or forgetfulness, had placed them instead after the notice of the fashionable wedding.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, stating, with great particularity that both Long Branch and Saratoga will have 'advertising belles' this season. These will be respectable, or, at least, respectable appearing young ladies, who will dress well, patronize the best hotels, and appear at all public entertainments. They will be ladies remarkable for their fine complexions, hair, eyes, teeth, and other personal attractions, all of which will be skillfully used to advertise the wares of a dealer in cosmetics.

New Publications.

"Literary Style, and Other Essays" by Wm. Matthews, L. L. D., is a book that all lovers of the delightful about: set. An idea of its excellence may be gained by the following list of its contents: Literary Style, The Duty of Prose, Periodical Literature, The Blues and their Remedy, The Mosaic of Genius, Sensitiveness to Criticism, Ideal and Real, Fat vs. Lean, Memory and its Marvels, Fools, Anger, Intellectual Playfulness, A Plea for the Earning of Longevity, Season of Travel, No-House Education, Originality, The Art of Listening, Who are Gentlemen? Uncle-Smoking, Americanisms, etc. It is a book that has not a dull line in it. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.50.

A third of a century ago the late George Henry Lewis wrote a tale, largely autobiographical in its character, under the title of "Kantorpe," which never made any great stir in the world during its author's lifetime. It has now been revived. The original preface says it was written in 1842, and that before the late George E. D. Maria-Krass-Lewis Cross became famous and led him from the path of propriety. It is devoted to her who has lightened the burden of an anxious life, "whose dedication is signed 'Her husband.'" So that the lady to whom Mr. Lewis was lawfully wedded and not a rival whom he lived during the latter years of his life, must be meant. "Kantorpe" is a fairly good tale, as the tale of philosophical young men so. When it may not be found in the library of a student in itself, it is attractive in the light of who is author was. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Nana's Daughter" is a sequel to Zola's "Nana," but is a many responses superior to that work. The aim is to show that while in the streets are not necessarily. Nana is a prominent personage in the story, but occupies a more elevated plane than Zola assigns to her. Her daughter, Antoinette, is a direct contrast to her. Exciting scenes follow each other in rapid succession. All the characters are vividly sketched, the plot is of unusual strength and merit, and the style of composition is vigorous and concise. B. Peterson & B. O. this city, publishers. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

The new issue of the very popular "Round Robin" series, "The Georgians," is a novel of exceptional interest. The author has had the good luck to happen on types of characters, incidents, etc., that sparkle with freshness and originality. This latter term can be applied to comparatively little in modern literature, but with respect to this work it cannot be too appropriate. Along with excellence in this respect goes a plot of more than ordinary attractiveness, brought to a striking conclusion. There is more better among the several good ones of the series that have preceded it and this is the highest. Published by O'Connell, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Another volume we have received from Lippincott & Co. is "A Book of Love Stories," by Mrs. Perry. It includes ten of her choicest stories, in which the lovers and lovers of New England are portrayed with grace and insight. These stories are written in a light and animated manner, with felicitous bits of description, subtle interpretations of feminine nature and with natural and pleasing, though unexpected denouements. The titles of the love stories are: Daisy, Corlaine, After Five Years, An Heiress, Laura and her Hero, Dick Halliday's Wife, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, The Charmer Charmed, John Kresling's Thanksgiving, Margaret Frey's Heart, and a summer reading nothing could be better.

The July number of the North American Review bears the usual characteristic of timelessness. Carl Schurz leads off with a suggestive paper on "Present Aspects of the Indian Problem." Next a caustic writer gives the views of "A Yankee Farmer" on "The Religious Conflicts of the Age," to the discomfort of a modern Agnostic, Moralist and Evolutionist. Another "frenzied" article is "The Power of Public Pincer," by James Parton, which appeals to the sons of our men of character and wealth on patriotic grounds, to enter into politics, and become the safeguards of their country against rings and bosses. Mr. Henry George dwells on "The Common Sense of Taxation." "The Court of Crime," is presented by Mr. Henry Bergh, and "A Study of Tennyson" comes from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard.

NEW MUSIC.
The Folio for July, besides a great deal of valuable and interesting reading matter, contains the following pieces of vocal and instrumental music: "Kiss Me, Dear at the Good-Bye," "Believe Me," from Verdi; "Salvo's Romance," from Billie Taylor; "Sweet Hope," and "Hear Our Prayer." A fine portrait of Henry Clay, one of the 450,000 Opera Company, accompanies the number. Smith, White & Co., Boston, publishers.

No. 18 is the July number of that excellent music publication, "Saxfield's 100. Librarian," containing four fine selections: "As I'd Nothing Else to Do," by Hutton; "The Deep, Deep Sea," both in re-appearing broken ties. See again you may want to be in the same way—with the same yump-his—with the same sentiment! Will the coals, hurrying on in diverse paths, until once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely! —LULWEE

At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber-shop is looking for a short cut.

Skill in the Workshop

To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

It is then the merry housewife ties a rag around her head,
It is then she breaks the furniture and dislocates the bed;
It is then she has the carpets beaten till the welkin rings,
It is then she swaps her husband's clothes for china dogs and things.

It is then what's called "house cleaning" occupies the female mind;
It is then her wife some "bargains" gaily starts her out to find;
It is then she pays \$1 for a tub that has no hoops,
It is then she buys satirons and arranges them in groups.

It is then the prudent husband buys himself a Book of Prayer;
It is then he soon discovers that he's better off elsewhere.
It is then he lets the women turn things over till they're tired;
It is then he finds it healthy to be more or less retired.

—U N NOUN

Humorous.

A shell race—M. M. M. M. M.
A scrub race—Floor-washers.
Personal blemish—Too much cheek.
Prides itself upon its rank—The onion.
Telling the naked truth—Giving the bare facts.

The best press ever made—Two loving arms.

A collection of stamps—Applause in the gallery.

Men usually go to the grass after their hey-day.

Weeds are generally the earliest risers in a garden-bed.

A doctor's prescription is generally made up of vital stuff.

Does a girl cudgel her brain every time she bangs her hair?

When birds soar they warble, but when a throat's sore it doesn't.

Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the cream of life as it were.

When a doctor cures you for nothing he is one of Nature's no-bill men.

The new Car of Russia will not be bothered with life insurance agents.

A bunghole is a very necessary thing in a barrel, but, after all, it is nothing.

"This is brief and to the point," as the man remarked when he got off a tack.

To be short in his accounts is, in a cashier, a crime; in a reporter it is a virtue.

Adam established the "pioneer press" when he first bugged Eve in the garden.

Love's latest interpreter: "Would you were an exclamation point, and I a parenthesis!"

When fish make a great commotion in a net, it is of course because they are in seine.

A clock is much like a man. When it raises its hand, look out for it. It is going to strike.

Why is a fellow with a bad cold in the head, like Niagara Falls? Because he's a cataract-racked.

"S'lexis is go'den" sometimes, but when a fellow fails to respond to a den it looks more like brass.

It is a grandparent who usually offers the advice: "Give up everything for the sake of your children."

"Every trade has its special disease." Then we suppose cooper are troubled with the hooping cough.

"Waiter, here's a fly in my tea." "Thank you, sir; I didn't notice it." Lays down a check for five cents extra.

Journeymen t'lores at work on custom trousers are like just-d women—sawing for breeches of promise.

The sudden camp that attacks lay boys just about school-time, is one of the oldest brands of sham pain.

A turtle has recently been found with "B. B. Anthony, 1892" carved on its back. Susan wants to see the man who did it.

It may be well to state for the information of amateur artists, that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court plaster.

Some hygienist declares that ice water cuts off more lives than the sword. Perhaps death has changed his vehicle for an icicle.

An exchange tells us that a lady clerk in a glove store got raving mad when a young gent came and asked her if she had any little kids.

It has been ascertained that the reason for placing lumber yards near to railroad depots is to enable travelers to get a board away.

Some colleges would never be heard of if the students didn't cut up in an outrageous manner occasionally and get into the newspapers.

A writer on physiognomy would like to know if large ears denote a miserly disposition, why is a mule so apt to squander his hind legs.

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it, by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still.

It will not be the elegant thing during the coming warm season to say that you sweat or perspire. You must say that you are "bedewed with heat."

"Will Love Win?" is the title of a new novel. I feel authorized to say that love, properly backed with a bank account, will call the turn every time.

"Mamma, the teacher says all people are made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so they are." "Well, then, I suppose negroes are made of coal-dust, ain't they?"

The witless and piggish fellow in a car who takes up all his own seat and half of the seats on either side of him with his spreading feet and knees, to the great discomfort of other people, does not take up much room in his hat.

A contemporary says: "Was there ever a man who could look at the barber shaving him steadily in the eye?" If a barber were "shaving him steadily" in the eye, we should think it would be difficult for a man to look at anything.

Wonderful transformation—A youth, while displaying his elegant moves at the rink, suddenly lost his balance, and fell towards the young lady who was admiring him. In one instant, from a true American, he had become a Laplander.

Health, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all these diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Complications

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints, would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort a trial, they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time, and therefore completely it is the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys, use it at once. Don't neglect them. —M. R. and Farmer.

Important.


When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 400 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUP-ER-LUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Pearl's White Glycerine has a remarkable affinity for the skin, making it soft and smooth. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

When our readers answer any advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by inserting the Saturday Evening Post.

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CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and sickly Persons
Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alternative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphrey's Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH
OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloré, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Disease, Mercurial Disease, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Scrophulous Consumption.

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,
Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrophulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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One bottle contains more of the active ingredients of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require six or eight times as much.

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Looseness, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness of lamitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL. Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Obstructions, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

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DAVID M. (Cohk, III) - Your question is one of the most delicate and difficult we got to answer. Whether you should say your mother-in-law is not the man you can't care for, or follow the advice of your own heart and wed the man you love, notwithstanding he is poor and has no prospect of being able to support you comfortably as a rule, every Christian thinks that a daughter ought to respect; and on the other hand, as claims that we must not disregard. Your mother-in-law would seem to place your mother-in-law's comfort above the welfare of the heart; you on the other hand, would treat the wife's concerns as no account, provided the welfare of the soul are satisfied. Who can decide between you in such a case? All that we can say where true love does not exist between you, and that, on the other hand, is seldom true happiness. When covetousness does, your love out of the window. If in this case we knew how we would act, we would say to decide for you.